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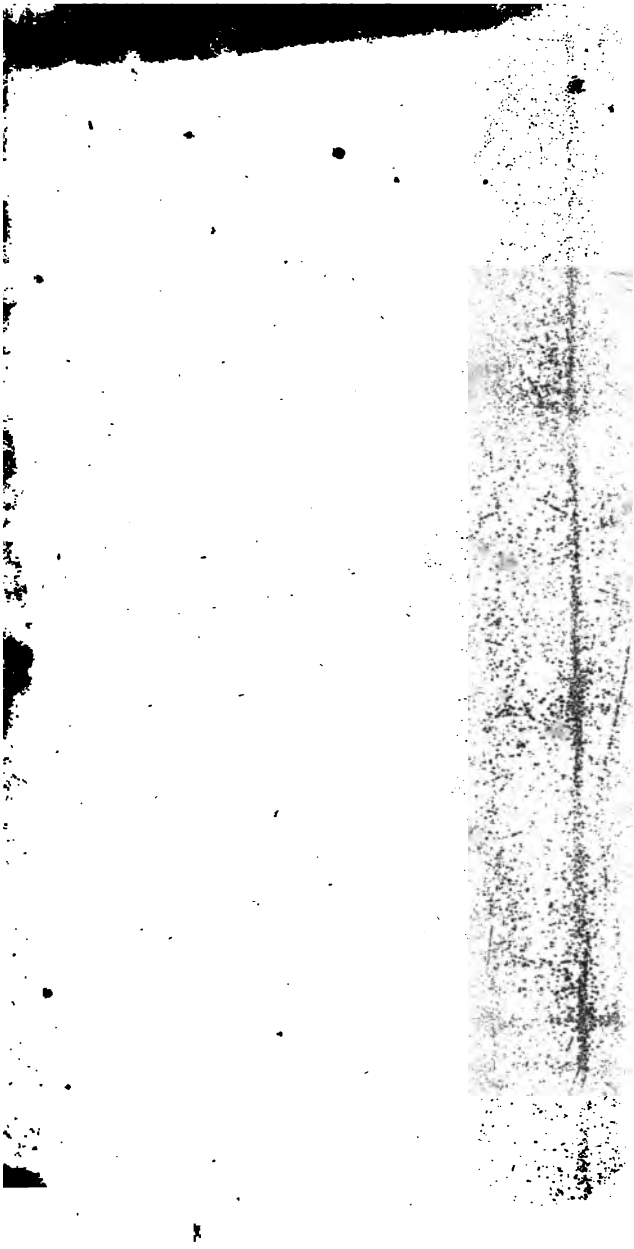

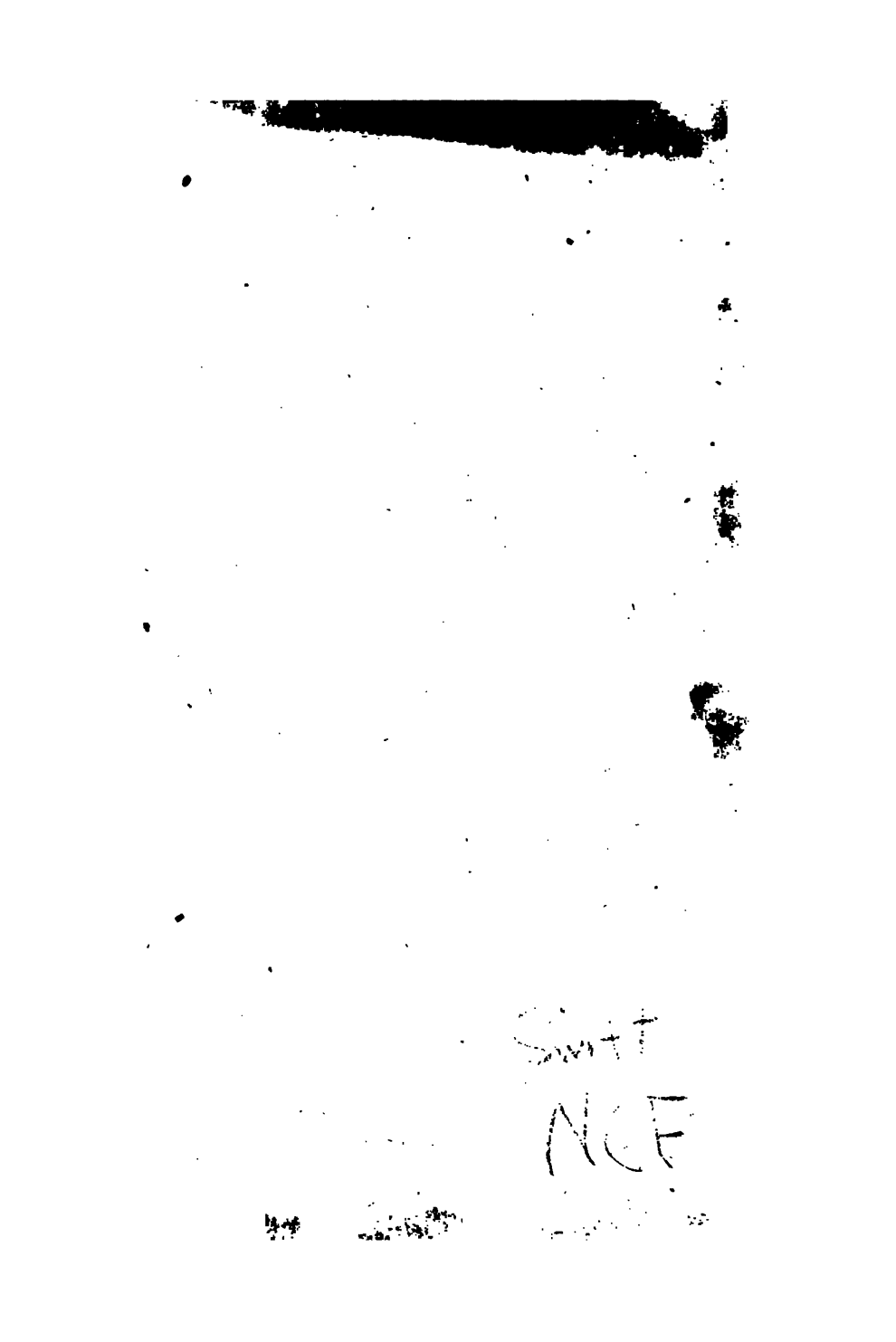

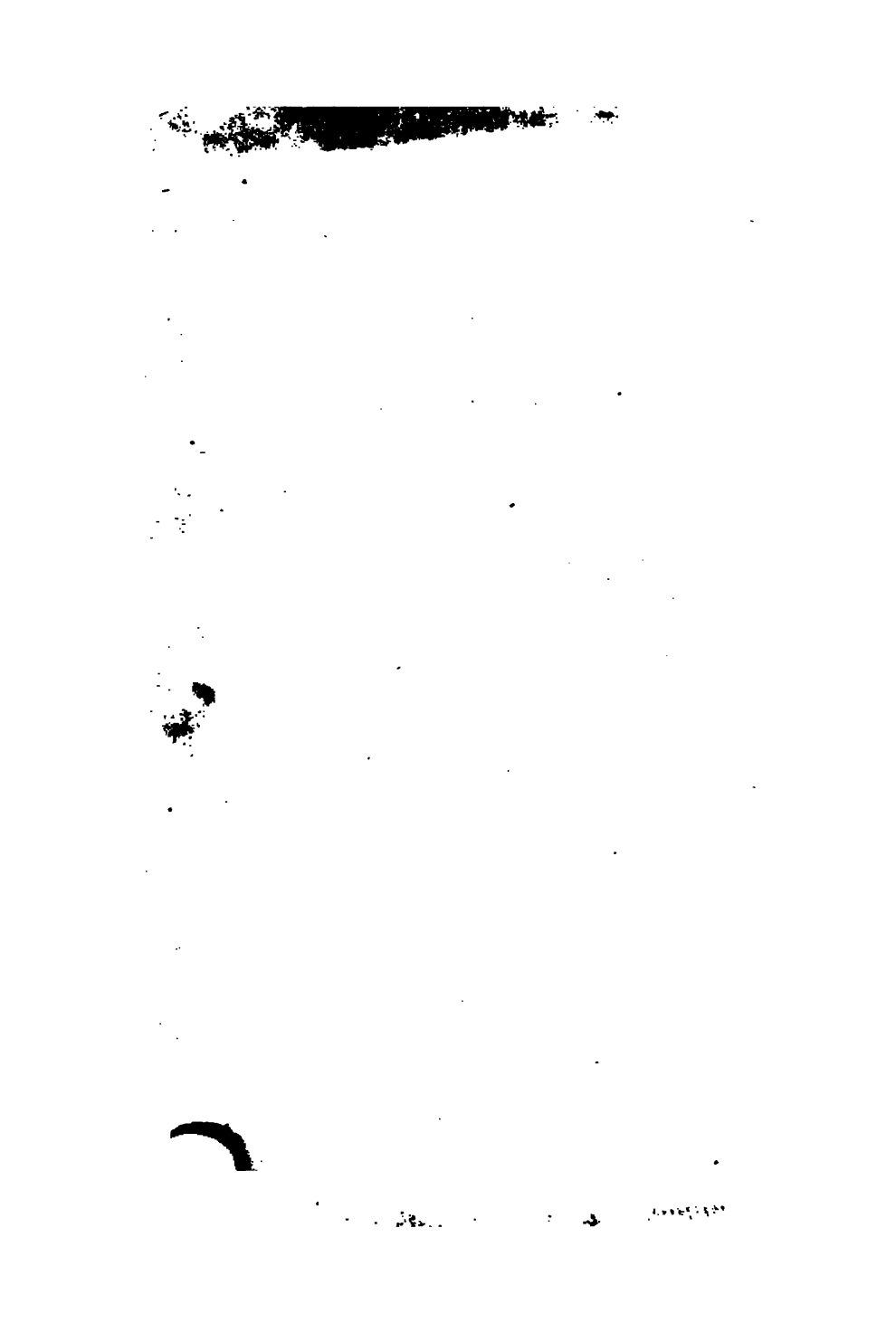

Dr SWIFT's WORKS,

COMPLETE

IN EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XVIII.

THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN:

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF HIS

POSTHUMOUS PIECES, LETTERS, &c.

A NEW EDITION,

ACCURATELY REVISED, AND ARRANGED IN THE MOST NATURAL AND PROPER ORDER;

WITH

An Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

By J. HAWKESWORTH, LL.D. and others.

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DEAN SWIFT's

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER DCCVI.

TO BISHOP HORTE *.

MY LORD, *May* 12. 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your Lordſhip, and as often laid it aſide; until, by the unaſked advice of ſome friends of your's, and of all my own, I reſolved at laſt to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer, who ſuffered ſo much upon your Lordſhip's account, confined to a dungeon among common thieves, and others with infectious diſeaſes, to the hazard of his life; beſides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and beſides the ignominy to be ſent to Newgate like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do alſo very highly and perſonally concern me. For your Lordſhip's declaring your deſire to have that paper looked for, he did, at my requeſt, ſearch his ſhop, and unfortunately found it: And although he had abſolutely refuſed before to print it; becauſe my

* Dr Joſiah Horte, Biſhop of Kilmore.

name, as the author, was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithſtanding there was a ſcratch through the words; yet, at my deſire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you ſent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: But your friends were the only perſons who gave out the report of it's having been your performance. I read your Lordſhip's letter written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in theſe dealings, the adventurer, and muſt run the hazard of gain or loſs. Indeed, my Lord, the caſe is otherwiſe. He ſells ſuch papers to the running boys for farthings a piece, and is a gainer by each, leſs than half a farthing; and it is ſeldom he ſells above a hundred, unleſs they be of ſuch as only ſpread by giving offence, and conſequently endanger the printer both in loſs of money and liberty, as it was the caſe of that very paper: Which, although it be written with ſpirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Betteſworth, would ſcarce have cleared above a ſhilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all, but at my urgency, which was the effect of your Lordſhip's commands to me. But, as your Lordſhip hath ſince been univerſally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me, ſo it is as generally known that you never gave him the leaſt conſideration for his loſſes, diſgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every perſon of my acquaintance, whom

whom I ſee at home or abroad: And particularly from one perſon too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wiſhed, upon your account, that I could have aſſured him that the poor man had received the leaſt mark of your juſtice, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, your generoſity, which I would gladly inform that great perſon of before he leaves us.

Now, my Lord, as God, aſſiſting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made you extremely rich, I may venture to ſay, that the printer hath a demand, in all conſcience, juſtice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his diſgraces, his loſſes, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of ſome weight, becauſe I was an innocent inſtrument, drawn in by your Lordſhip, againſt Faulkner's will, to be an occaſion of his ſufferings: And, if you ſhall pleaſe, or recompence him in the manner that all people hope or deſire, it will be no more in your purſe than a drop in the bucket. And as ſoon as I ſhall be informed of it, I ſhall immediately write to that very great perſon in ſuch a manner as will be moſt to the advantage of your character: For which, I am ſure, he will rejoice, and ſo will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to ſilence.

Your Lordſhip hath too good an underſtanding to imagine, that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewiſe mingled with pity to the innocent ſufferer.

ferer. And I hope you will conſider, that this caſe is not among thoſe, where it is a mark of magnanimity to deſpiſe the cenſure of the world: Becauſe all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a ſparing temper, upon an occaſion where common juſtice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude, with aſſuring your Lordſhip again, that what I have written was chiefly for your Lordſhip's credit and ſervice: Becauſe I am, with great truth,

Your Lordſhip's moſt, &c.

LETTER DCCVII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15. 1736.

MRS Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, ſtorming, and fuming, that you had not ſent a letter ſince you got to your Cabin, (for the V conſonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from ſchool, and left the key under the door. We were much diſappointed, that the ſpring and beginning of ſummer had not introduced the muſes, and that your now walkable roads had not rouſed your ſpirits. We are here the happieſt people in the univerſe. We have a year and a half before the club will meet, to be revenged further on the clergy,

clergy, who never offended them: And in England their parliament are following our ſteps, only with two or three ſteps for our one. It is well you have done with the church *; but pray take care to get money, elſe in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin ſchools as popiſh and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promiſe to beſtow upon England 25,000 l. a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, againſt the petition of the merchants, ſhopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own eſtate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now loſe by all gold, two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to ſay, a worſe) man by 60,000 l. than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to ſay, worſe) by above half a million; beſides the worthy method he hath taken in a diſpoſal of employments in church and ſtate. Here is a curſed long libel running about in manuſcript on the legion-club. It is in verſe, and the fooliſh town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abuſed (as it is ſaid) in the original; but others have added more, which I never ſaw; though I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion, that an honeſt man never wiſhed himſelf to be younger. My ſentiment, I find, ought not to have been univerſal, becauſe, to my ſorrow, I have ſeen, ſince the death of the late

* Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, for the ſchool of Cavan.

Queen, (who had few equals before her in every virtue, ſince monarchy began), ſo great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common ſenſe, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer ancient or modern. I am very confident, that a complete hiſtory of the fooliſh, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, abſurd proceedings in this kingdom, would contain twelve large volumes in folio, of the ſmalleſt letter in the largeſt paper. What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title ſhall be, Upon a certain bookſeller (or printer) in Utopia.—— Mrs Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and ſhe will anſwer your ſincere, open-hearted letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

I AM moſt ſincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have ſaid to me, and of me, to the Dean. I found the good effects of them this day: When I waited on him, he received me with great good humour; ſaid ſomething had happened ſince he ſaw me laſt, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was ſorry he had treated me with ſo little diſtinction,

* Fairbrother. See the laſt letter, and the ſubſequent part of this.

diſtinction, and that hereafter I ſhould not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurſe, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice; and at the ſame time expreſſed my fears, that it would be impoſſible for you to think of living without her. This is all that ſticks with me. But, conſidering the friendſhip you expreſs to me for the Dean, I hope you will be perſuaded to conſider his good rather than your own, and ſend her up immediately; or elſe it will put him to the expence of giving three ſhillings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares that the badneſs of pay of his tithes, ſince the reſolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power.

I could not gueſs why you were ſo angry at Fowlbrother; till Mrs Whiteway, who you find is now with me, ſaid it was for publiſhing ſome works of your's and mine like a rogue; which is ſo uſual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to deſire that Mrs Donaldſon * will let me know what I owe her, not in juſtice, but generoſity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to paſs ſome part of the ſummer with you, if health would permit me; for I have ſome club enemies, that would be glad to ſhoot me, and I do not love to be ſhot: It is a death I have a particular averſion to. But I ſhall henceforth walk with ſervants

* An inn-keeper at Cavan.

ſervants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however, I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr R——, who (money excepted) is a very honeſt man. How is your breathing? As to myſelf, my life and health are not worth a groat. How ſhall we get wine to your cabin? I can ſpare ſome; and am preparing diaculum to ſave my ſkin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbet. Pray God preſerve you. I am &c.

LETTER DCCVIII.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, June* 3. 1736.

THOUGH you have left off correſponding with me theſe two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the ſixth letter I have ſent you, ſince I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My Lord Oxford told me laſt winter, that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr Cæſar very lately told me the ſame. It is always the moſt welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleaſure to have it from yourſelf; and you know my ſincere regard for you may in ſome meaſure claim it.

I have been engaged theſe five months in a moſt troubleſome law-ſuit with an Iriſh chairman. Thoſe fellows ſwarm about St James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a ſtreet, or even in the Park, on the faireſt day. This raſcal

raſcal ruſhed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles againſt me, and would not let me paſs till I broke his head. He made a jeſt of it that night; but the next morning an Iriſh ſolicitor came, out of profound reſpect, to adviſe me to make the fellow amends: He told a diſmal ſtory of the ſurgeon, and the bloody ſhirt, and ſpoke againſt his own intereſt, merely to hinder me, whom he had never ſeen before, from being expoſed. Neither his kind perſuaſions, nor the prudent councils of our friend Mr L——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the ſolicitor brought me a bill found by the grand-jury, and a warrant under the hand of three juſtices againſt John Ford, without any other addition. To ſhew his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but deſired I would go to any juſtice of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter-ſeſſions. By my not doing it, he found out the miſtake of the name which he ſaid ſhould be rectified in a new bill, and if I could not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the fault, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I ſhould do, if a little child ſhould threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded againſt me, I thought it time to begin with them, and ſpoke to an acquaintance of mine, a juſtice of peace, who ſent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for aſſaulting me, and by a ſmall ſtretch of power, committed

committed him to the Gate-houſe, where he remained ſome days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged ſufficient, if his Iriſh ſolicitor had not gone to another juſtice, and taken a falſe oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it ſeems, cannot be puniſhed, becauſe it was not upon record. We preſented bills againſt each other to the grand-jury, among whom there happened luckily to be ſome gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terrour of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make uſe of againſt thoſe of better rank. Still the fellow bluſtered, and refuſed to make it up, unleſs I would pay his expences; for his lawyer had perſuaded him, that in the end he ſhould recover damages ſufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himſelf by law, he loſt his buſineſs; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud ſtomach; he came to me two days ago, made his ſubmiſſions, we gave reciprocal releaſes from all actions, *&c.* and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentleman, for procuring them liberty to walk the ſtreets in quiet. Thus, this great affair has ended like the Yorkſhire petition, which has been the chief buſineſs of the Houſe of Commons this ſeſſion. Towards the end, indeed they found a little time to ſhew their good will to the church. It is the general

general opinion, that the act for repealing the teſt would have paſſed, if Sir Robert Walpole had not ſeen the neceſſity of his ſpeaking, which he did in the moſt artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted againſt him, as well as moſt of the patriots, and among others, Lord Bathurſt's two ſons. In the Houſe of Lords, next to the Duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurſt, and Lord Carteret, have ſhewn moſt rancour againſt ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of ſtate, and the whole bench of biſhops, joined to the Tories, could not prevent any one queſtion in diſfavour of the church.

I am aſked every day, if there be no hopes of ever ſeeing you here again; and am ſorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with aſſuring you, that nobody wiſhes you all happineſs more than I do, who am moſt intirely your's, &c.

LETTER DCCIX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *June* 3. 1736.

MR Lucas is now in Dublin, who will pay that ſmall bill on demand. I hope Mr ——— will not diſappoint us, and then poor Mrs —— will be relieved. I muſt ſet out ſoon for

for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather muſt and ſhall be good; and you muſt and ſhall be in your health; and you muſt and ſhall come with me.

My walk it is finiſh't,
My money diminiſh't;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll ſoon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things before-hand, and do not be giddy as uſual. The walk is an hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will pleaſe you. My rolling-ſtone coſt me dear. If I ſhould ever grow rich, as God forbid I ſhould, I would buy two hogſheads of wine at once. You muſt know I have bought turf for you, which burns like ſo many tapers. My ſon writes me word that Mr Veſey's family are angry with me for inſerting ſome lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my ſoul, I never inſerted one line in it; and upon the whole I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you ſick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you ſtew in ſuch an oven? My ſheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will pleaſe you very well. You ſaw the King's ſpeech, I ſuppoſe. I am glad to find by it, that he reſolves to ſtand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dreſs them with carp ſauce. Dr Walmſley writes

writes me word by laſt poſt that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; ſo that if my Lord Orrery would only mention me to the Lord Primate, it would do. I know my Lord Chancellor is ſo well inclined towards me, that he would willingly join in the requeſt. Conſider the lands are worth four hundred a-year, and the ſituation much more advantageous. This muſt be a ſecret, upon ſeveral accounts. So much for buſineſs, and no more. My artichoaks, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; ſo are my ſtrawberries. I hear that the Czarina, Kouli Kan, and the Emporor will over-run Turkey. You will not know my houſe when you ſee it next it will be ſo altered. Pray what ſays goody Whiteway to the world? I hear ſhe gives herſelf ſtrange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your houſe, I ſhall make her keep her diſtance, eſpecially when company is preſent; for ſhe wants to be pulled down. My young turnips. carrots, beans, and peaſe are in fine order; you muſt pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I ſhall be very reaſonable as to the reſt of your diet.

You ſhall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your moſt obedient.

LETTER DCCX.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *June* 5. 1726

I Am ſo tormented, and have been for eight days, with the p—s, that I lie ſtretched in my bed as I now write; however, I think they begin to be eaſier, and I have hopes that I ſhall be able to attend in my ſchool on Monday. Surely no perſon can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine you wrote the panegyric on the Legion Club. I have ſeen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deſerve ſuch treatment, is to me a myſtery.

I never writ in this poſture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewiſe great: and therefore whether I will or not, I muſt take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleaſant, and my company likewiſe, to ſet out with you from Dublin on Thurſday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer-parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at preſent forty chickens, all fat; twenty ſheep of my own, and ſixteen lambs, (for lamb will be in ſeaſon a month longer), geeſe, turkeys, *&c.* My hens are hatching, my houſe

is

is thatching, my geeſe a gagling, my wife a dragling, my corn a threſhing, my ſheep a waſhing, my turf a drawing, my timber ſawing, my gravel-walk raking, my rolling-ſtone making, my ale a brewing, myſelf a ſtewing, my boys a teaching, my webs a bleaching, my daughters reading, my garden weeding, my lime a burning, my milk a churning.

In ſhort, all nature ſeems to be at work,
Buſy as Kouli Kan againſt the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr Towers has diſcarded that graceleſs whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for miſchief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs Whiteway will prove falſe, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and chuſe, where I like beſt. The ſummer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, leſs troubleſome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have loſt ſo much fleſh, which indeed is my preſent caſe. If my ſkin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both by the help of ſome houſe-wife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming; ſhe ſwears by all the dirt about her, which is a cart-load, that you are more welcome than a dram to her. Sure I have a gravel-walk finiſhed twelve perches in length, eight gradations of peaſe, which will laſt

you to October. You cannot imagine what a good houſewife I am grown; my garden is well ſtocked; I have every thing but money; but that is neither here nor there. Mr Jones will order the money by firſt opportunity. May all happineſs attend you.

LETTER DCCXI.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5. 1736.

YOU muſt pay your groat (as if you had been drunk laſt night) for this letter; becauſe I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, becauſe it is a mark of health, and a ſtrong conſtitution. I believe what you ſay of the Legion Club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a Legion Club; for I hear there are fifty different copies: But what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ ſo regularly in your life; and therefore, when you write to me always take care to have the piles, I mean any piles *, except thoſe of lime and ſtone; and yet piles are not ſo bad as the ſtone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room ſhall be ready for you; though I ſhall never have you in

* The author held puns in contempt, but would ſometimes make himſelf merry with them.

in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I ſhall be peſtered with you. John R—— (for he does not deſerve the name of Jack) is gone to his ſix-miles-off country-ſeat for the ſummer. I admire at your bill of 10l. odd; for I thought your firſt was double: Or is it an additional one? When you ſatisfy me, I will ſend down to him with a vengeance; although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.——As to your veniſon, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs. *Addenda quædam.*

My wife a rattling,
My children a tattling,
My money ſpent is,
And due my rent is.
My ſchool decreaſing,
My income ceaſing.
All people teaſe me,
But no man pays me,
My Worſhip is bit,
By that rogue Niſbit.
To take the right way,
Conſult friend Whiteway.
Would you get ſtill more?
Go flatter Kilmore *.
Your geeſe are old,
Your wife a ſcold.
You live among ill folks in a dunghill.
You never have an old friend at Cavan.

* Dr Joſiah Horte, then Biſhop of Kilmore.

Mrs Whiteway is ever your friend; but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have juſt as much ſpirits left as a drowned mouſe. Pray do not give yourſelf airs of pretending to have flies in ſummer at Cavan; and ſuch a no ſummer as this. I, who am the beſt fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to ſhew my ſkill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden-improvements; for I know you too well. What you ſay of your leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exerciſe can give), you may be ſafe with as little fleſh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter juſt before this was ſealed; but I cannot anſwer it now.

LETTER DCCXII.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *June* 15. 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your Ladyſhip, in the employment you have choſen of being a go-between the Duke of Dorſet and me. I muſt preface this letter with an honeſt declaration, that I never propoſed any one thing to his Grace wherein I did not chiefly conſult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your Ladyſhip from

from a child; and yet, excepting great perſonal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconſiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my Lord Duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thouſand men: Two of them are parſons, (as you Whigs call them), another is Lord Mayor of this city, and was knighted by his Grace a month or two ago. But there is another couſin of theirs, who is a Grattan, though his name be John Jackſon, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own ſmall eſtate, four miles from this town, and in his own pariſh: But he hath four children. He only wants ſome little addition of 100 l. a-year: For he hath laid out 800 l. to build upon his own ſmall eſtate in his own pariſh, which he cannot leave, and we cannot ſpare him. He hath lain a weight upon my ſhoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my Lord Duke as a moſt deſerving perſon. His Grace hath now an opportunity to ſerve him. One Mr Ward, who died this morning, had a deanry of ſmall value: It was a hedge-deanry; (my Lord Duke will tell you what I mean), we have many of them in Ireland: But as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great eaſe to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal ſubject. It is the deanry of Cloyne:

He

He is well acquainted with the biſhop, who is Dr Berkeley. I have reaſons enough to complain of my Lord Duke, who abſolutely refuſed to provide for a moſt worthy man whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: And therefore if he will not conſent to give this poor deanry to Mr John Jackſon, I will fall out with him for ever. I deſire your Ladyſhip to let the Duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your ſaucy niece is mentioned as married, with forty-five thouſand pounds to her fortune. I deſire to preſent her with my moſt humble ſervice, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your Ladyſhip ſtill preſerves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about, for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by conſtant practice. I pray God preſerve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happineſs hereafter.

I will (notwithſtanding your commands to the contrary) be ſo bold to tell you that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM, your Ladyſhip's

moſt obedient, and

obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXIII.

LADY S—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

June 23. 1730.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not anſwering your's of the 1ſt of May before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: But I don't queſtion the news-papers have informed you of the great loſs I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. * * * *

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* * * *.

She that you call my ſaucy niece, has beſtowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on Lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deſerving gentleman, and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but ſhall go, in about a fortnight, to Knowle; and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the Duke of Dorſet. My brother George and Lady Suffolk are gone to France, to make a viſit to Lord Berkeley; which I am glad of, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spaw and Aix-la-Chapelle for her health, which I truly believe is all ſhe wants to make her eaſy and happy; or elſe my brother George is not the honeſt good natured man I really take him to be; and ſhe diſſembles well if ſhe is not

ſo

ſo happy as ſhe makes me believe, and I heartily wiſh her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may ſee by the nothingneſs of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to obſerve your orders, though in all things, and at all times, your moſt ſincere and truly humble ſervant,

B. G.

LETTER DCCXIV.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *June* 23. 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can aſſure you that we have a great plenty of flies at Cavan; and let me whiſper you in this letter, *nec deſunt pediculi nec pulices*; but I beſeech you not to ſpeak of it. *Si me non fallit obſervatio*, we ſhall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die craſtino adventura eſt in Cavanniam noſtram.* I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De noſtro cibo, niſi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, ſi guſtaverint.* The ladies are already beſpeaking ſeats in my field upon the hill, *Spectatum veniunt ſpectentur ut ipſæ.* Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic ſplendentes congregantur ut ipſis, pavonibus puderem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye witneſs, *dejectis capitibus caudas demittunt.* Our bakers are all ſo buſy upon this occaſion, that they double the

the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas.* But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et ſpirabunt.* The noiſe of guns, the neighing of horſes, and the womens tongues, *cælum atque terras miſcebunt.*

Grouſe pouts are come in,
I've ſome in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din——
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a ſin.
We make ſome folks grin,
By laſhing their kin, *&c.*

I could not mention troop-horſes, *quin Pegaſus noſter luſit exultum ut vides; ſed jam ſtabulo incluſus de verſibus nihil amplius.* You may be ſurpriſed at this motley epiſtle; but you muſt know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall ſhook away half my Engliſh and Latin, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hiſpanica, nec non Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had loſt her one tongue *totaliter quoniam equidem nullus dubito niſi radicitus eveleretur tonitrui ſuperaret.*

I wiſh your Reverence were here to hear the trumpets;
Miſtake me not, for I mean not the ſtrumpets.
Well,

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would, or ought to come. My houſe is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the Provoſt, Archdeacon Wall, the Biſhop of Clogher, and ——, by way of enlivening the reſt. Do not let my Lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleaſed with his company. My love to my ſweet-heart, Mrs Whiteway, if ſhe continues conſtant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuſe my haſte. I hope by the next poſt to make up for this ſhort epiſtle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and reſpect, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I ſend you a letter from Mr Carte.

LETTER DCCXV.

MR DONNELLAN TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Corke, July* 2. 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands in relation to Mr Dunkin *; and in purſuance of them,

* A female relation of Mr Dunkin had bequeathed an eſtate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity-college, Dublin, upon condition that they ſhould take care of his education, and afterwards aſſiſt to advance him in the world. The college, in conſequence of this

them, have wrote to two of my friends, among the ſenior fellows, and recommended his petition and your requeſt, in the beſt and ſtrongeſt manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleaſed to give me, with the greateſt readineſs and chearfulneſs poſſible: Which, I aſſure you, I do on this occaſion, and ſhall think myſelf very happy if I can any way promote the ſucceſs of an affair which you wiſh well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your requeſt will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the conſiderable ſervices you have done their houſe at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they muſt be very beaſts, if they do not ſhew their gratitude, when they have ſo fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchaſing the Dean's favour at ſo cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I muſt ſay in their favour, that they are not ſuch brutes as to be inſenſible of the Dean's merit. Ever ſince we came down, this town and country rung of your praiſes, for oppoſing the reduction of the

this requeſt, allowed him, at this time, an annuity which he was now ſoliciting to get encreaſed to 100l. He ſucceeded in his application; and the Earl of Cheſterfield, when he had the government of Ireland in the year 1746, gave him the ſchool of Enniſkilling, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by King Charles I.

coin; and they look upon the ſtop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a ſecond deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am ſure it is what we all have reaſon to deſire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe no one more truly and ſincerely wiſhes, with all other happineſs, than, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

LETTER DCCXVI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *July* 6. 1736.

I SUSPECT that ſome ſecret villain has prevented the Lord Chancellor to ſign my commiſſion; and therefore I intreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his Excellency; for I had his conſent by a recommendation from my Lord Chief Baron Marley, and Mr Juſtice Ward. The ſummer is going off faſt, ſo are my beſt fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your ſix hundred and ſixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourſelf: And do not forget to bring the deed of ſale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wiſh you could ſail with them hither to ſave you the trouble of riding, which I would rather

ſee

ſee than fifty pounds, which I would ſet my hand and ſeal to. Mr Jones, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourſelf; ſo that you muſt inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our veniſon is plenty: Our weather too hōt for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain theſe ſix weeks paſt.

Our river is dry
And fiery the ſky;
I fret and I fry
Juſt ready to die:
Oh! where ſhall I fly
From Phœbus's eye?
In bed, when I lye,
I ſoak like a pye;
And I ſweat, oh! I ſweat, like a hog in a ſtye.

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reaſon I cloſed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will ſet to muſic; and pray let me have a baſs, and ſecond treble, with what other decorations and graces you can better deſign than I can direct. To let you ſee you can want for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you the following catalogue:

Good road,	Fat veniſon,
A clean houſe,	Small mutton,
A hearty welcome,	Green peaſe,

Good ale,
Good beer,
Good bread,
Good bed,
Young turkeys,
Young beans,
Right bacon,
Cauliflowers,
Young chickens,
Good water,
Good wine,
Young ducks,
Young lambs,
Grouſe pouts,
Fine trouts,
Carrots,
Parſnips, *Item.*

A LONG GRAVEL WALK——

I muſt trouble your Reverence with a ſm ſample of ſome things, to let you ſee that a have ſaid is truth.

REFERENCES.

1 Artichoak.
2 Carrot.
3 Parſnip.
4 Raſpberries.
5 Gooſeberries.
6 Currants, red.
7 Currants, black.
8 Purſlain.
9 Kidney beans.
10 Common beans.
11 Red cabbage.
12 Common cabbage.
13 Cucumber.
14 Orange.
15 Spinage.
16 Turnip.
17 Cauliflowers.
17 Coſs lettuce
19 Sileſia lettuce.
20 Thyme.
21 Sweet Marjoran
22 A Cavan fly, a
a thouſand thi
beſide.
23 Some of my gra
walk.
24 Naſturtium.
25 Onion.
26 Pea.

I will ſend you ſome of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to ſend but my beſt wiſhes, which you can only ſee in my face, when you come down.

Preſent my love 9678946846734056789897324 times to my dear Mrs Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever muſt be, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant to command, Dumb Spur it us horſe rage it art us.

LETTER DCCXVII.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, July 8. 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was tranſported to ſee a ſuperſcription in your hand, after two years and a half intermiſſion. The pleaſure I had in not being quite forgot, was ſoon abated by what you ſay of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourſelf; and retirement makes the ſtrongeſt impreſſion upon thoſe who are formed for mirth and ſociety. I have not been theſe thirty years without a ſet of chearful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a ſucceſſion of Grattans and Jackſons? Whatever reſentment the men in power may have, every body elſe would ſeek your company, upon your own terms; and for thoſe in great

ſtations, I am ſure, at this time, you would be aſhamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is becauſe they fear you, and know your abilities better than you ſeem to do yourſelf: Even in your melancholy, you write with too much fire for broken ſpirits. Your giddineſs and deafneſs give me the utmoſt concern; tho' I believe you will be leſs ſubject to them, and as well taken care of here: Nor need you ſpunge for a dinner, ſince you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will ſay no more upon this ſubject, becauſe I know there is no perſuading you.

My legs have been ſwelled many years: It is above twelve ſince Beaufort gave me a preſcription for them, which I never took till laſt winter. My Lord Lichfield, and others of my acquaintance, perſuaded me to it; and they tell me it has had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs having always found myſelf perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk conſtantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and ſober, becauſe my meat is ſo much overdone that I don't like it, and my dining acquaintance reſerve themſelves for a ſecond meeting at night, which I obſtinately refuſe.

If your rents fall, I don't know what muſt become of us. I have conſiderable loſſes every year; and yet I think Croſthwaite a very honeſt man. Rents for ſome time have been ill paid here, as well as in Ireland; and farms flung every day, which

which have not been raiſed ſince king Charles I's. time. The grazier's are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cauſe is, their living much higher than they did formerly: Another is, the great number of incloſures made of late, enough to ſupply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all laſt year a man came off well if he could ſell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftener from my ſiſter. She writes to me with great affection; but I find ſhe is ſtill wrong-headed, and will be ſo as long as ſhe lives. As ſhe expected unreaſonable preſents, ſhe makes them much more unreaſonable; and, in my opinion, ſo ill judged, that I do not wonder more at her than thoſe who receive them. I ſee no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the perſon you give it to muſt have paid. I have heard no reaſon to doubt Lord Maſham. I know nothing of his ſon, not even by ſight. Our friend Lewis is in conſtant duty with his ſick wife, who has been ſome years dying, and will not die. Unleſs he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at moſt twice in a year, there is no ſeeing him. I heartily wiſh you health and proſperity; and am ever moſt ſincerely your's, &c.

My Lord Maſham was extremely pleaſed with your

your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER DCCXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

July 10. 1736.

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other: Now I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents from bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.——Mrs Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every curiosity. She swears, the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell: That your whole artichoke-leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslain passed very well with me, but she swore it was house-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine; but will have it, that, for the credit

...ur town, you would have it born there, ...nough Mrs Donaldſon confeſſes it was ſent her in a box of brown ſugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your naſturtium to be only a p-ſs-a-b-d; your beans are as brown as herſelf, and of the ſame kind with what we fatten hogs in Leiceſterſhire. In one thing ſhe admires your generoſity, that, for her ſake, you would ſpare a drop or two of your canal water, which by the ſpongy bottom needs it ſo much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, ſight, and ſmell; yet as to the laſt, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general fuſtineſs, which however did much reſemble that of your Cavan air.

LETTER DCCXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

I RECEIVED your letter, which begun with *lings* *. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and ſixty: A trifle! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve, which are not entered in a letter; which I will ſend you when health permits, and I have nothing elſe to do; and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my diſorder will let me hold

* A termination whimſically applied.

hold out ſo long. You were born to be happy, for you take the leaſt piece of good fortune chearfully. I ſuppoſe your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and ſeven guineas a-week are three hundred and ſixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon, that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen ſhall be lodgers? Does the cheapneſs of the things anſwer your expectation? Have you ſent away your late younger-married daughter? And will you ſend away the other? Let me deſire you will be very regular in your accounts; becauſe a very honeſt friend of your's and mine tells me, that with all your honeſty, it is an uneaſy thing to have any dealings with you, that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulneſs and confuſion: For you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, conſidering the ſcattered, confuſed manner in which you have lived. Mrs Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her; and I know ſhe always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I ſhall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to ſee the Biſhop of Oſſory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some ſudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a ſcheme of living with you, when the College-green club is to meet: For in theſe times I

deteſt

:teſt the town, and hearing the follies, corrup-
ons, and ſlaviſh practices of thoſe miſrepreſen-
tive brutes; and reſolve, if I can ſtir, to paſs
iat whole time at Bath or Cavan. I ſay again,
:ep very regular accounts in large books, and
fair hand; not like me, who, to ſave paper,
mfuſe every thing. Your mind is honeſt, but
our memory a knave; and therefore the Scotch
ıean the ſame thing by *minding*, that we do by
emembering. Sirrah, ſaid I to a Scotch footman,
hy did you not go that errand? Becauſe I did
ot *mind* it, quo' Sawny. A curſe on theſe
wenty ſoldiers drumming through my liberty
wice a-day, and going to a barrack * the go-
ernment hath placed juſt under my noſe. I
hink of a line in Virgil Traveſty. *The d—l
ut their yelping weapons*. We expect Lord Or-
ery and Biſhop Rundle next week.——This let-
er was intended for laſt poſt, but interruptions and
ıorſes hindered it. Poor Mrs Acheſon is relapſed
ıt Grange, and worſe than ever. I was there ye-
terday, and met Dr H—m, who hopes ſhe was
ı little better.—16. Here has nobody been hang-
:d, married, or dead that I hear of. Dr Grat-
tan is confined by a boil: If you aſk him where,
he will ſell you a bargain. My chief country-
companion now is philoſopher Webber; for the
Grattans and Jackſons are neither to be found at
home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot ſtir
a foot.

LETTER

* Called now the Poddle-guard, and kept within the liberties of St Patrick's to ſuppreſs riots.

LETTER DCCXX.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

July 11. 1736.

SINCE, it ſeems, my letters are not for your own peruſal, but kept for a female couſin, to her this ought to be addreſſed; only that I am not yet in ſpirits to joke. I did not do ſo ill by your requeſt, as you apprehended by my letter, for I ſpoke to the Duke much ſooner than I told you I ſhould, and did ſo as ſoon as it was poſſible for me, or as ſoon as I could have ſent it. The anſwer was, that he had that moment received a letter from Lord Orrery, with the moſt preſſing inſtances for a deſerving friend of his: That the Duke could not refuſe him; eſpecially as my Lord Orrery had been moſt extremely obliging, and, for this whole ſeſſion, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his adminiſtration eaſy. Though at the ſame time, he aſſured me, he would otherwiſe have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deſerving. All this you ſhould have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not neceſſary to make uſe of a ſecretary, ſince I had nothing more pleaſing to tell you. I ſhall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any queſtion but

you.

you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occaſion;* becauſe the very firſt you did employ me about, was inſtantly complied with, though againſt a rule he thought right, and I knew before, he had ſet himſelf.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spaw with my brother George for her health; and as I ſhall go for my own to the Bath in September, I fear we ſhall not meet this great while. And now I muſt finiſh this long letter, which has not been quite eaſy to write, being ſtill your gouty, but faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER DCCXXI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *July* 20. 1736.

I RECEIVED your's ſome day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs Donaldſon, who has made affidavit before our town magiſtrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewiſe depoſed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a roſe tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thouſand of the ſame ſpecies; for I counted them laſt Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and ſee. Mr Jones has your ſix hundred and ſixty pounds

ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beſeech you loſe no time; for he is uneaſy about it. * * * * * * * * * *.

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will loſe the beſt things our country can afford, The ladies are full of your coming; *viz.*

My Wife *,
2 Ladies Lanesborough, *&c. &c. &c.*
Mrs Maxwell,
Mrs Fitzmaurice,
Mrs Horte,
Mrs Hamilton,
Mrs Sanderſon,
Mrs Nuburgh,
Mrs Cromer,
Mrs White,
Mrs Neſbitt,
Her 5 daughters,
Mrs Stephens,
Mrs and Miſs Clement,
Miſs Tigh,
Mrs Coote,
Miſs Pratt,
Mrs Fitzherbert,
Mrs Jones,
Beauty Copeland,
Miſs Brook. 1, 2, 3, 4,
All your Cavan miſtreſſes.

News,

Dr Thompſon's ſervant almoſt cudgeled him to death going from a chriſtening.

Colonel Nubergh's fine arched markethouſe quite finiſhed, with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic tranſit gloria mundi.*

Grouſe.

* Who, by-the-bye, hated Dr Swift above all the human race.

Grouſe pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right veniſon,
For my beniſon,
Leave your ſt——g town in haſte
For you have no time to waſte.

Let me know what day I ſhall meet you. Price and I will ſtretch to Virginia. That all happineſs may for ever attend you, is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCCXXII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *July* 31. 1736.

I WENT to Belturbet immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr Jones ready for Mr Henry's draught, and glad of it; and ſo am I—But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of ſale a mortgage——Inſtead of cancelling, there is more to be done; you muſt not only cancel, but you muſt reconvey to me, in as formal a manner as if you ſold to me—Pray aſk advice, and *do* not *do* things hand over head as you were going to *do* (obſerve my ſtile *) like me. If I had not ſworn never

* This was exactly Swift's ſtile to Sheridan upon many occaſions; and now Sheridan, in his pleaſant manner, returns the compliment.

to ſet my foot in Dublin, except I were to paſs through it for England *, I would go thither next vacation; but I have ſworn ſolemnly I will not——If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the reſt were petrified.

Now you muſt know that I forbid you the town of Cavan as ſtrenuouſly as I invited you to it; for the ſmall-pox is the broom of death at preſent, and ſweeps us off here by dozens——I never had it, which gives me ſome little palpitations, but not great fear.——As ſoon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my preſence; and that may be ſooner than you imagine, for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two Manks pence towards it already. ——You may think I ſwagger, but, as I hope to be ſaved, it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Dr King is in Dublin. I wiſh, with all my ſoul, he would take a frolic to come hither, becauſe he would coſt me no wine, and I have the beſt water in Ireland.

My collection of witty ſayings, &c. is finiſhed, if I had any friends to recommend them. The beſt wares of that kind will not go off otherwiſe. Dr King promiſed me his friendſhip at Oxford. If you would ſpeak a kind word to the public in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *L'argent*, which I now want as much

* Sheridan never croſſed the channel to England in his whole life.

much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But——That——is——neither——here——nor there——.

My ſon——I can affirm is thoroughly reformed; and as an argument of it, I muſt acquaint you that his mother finds fault with every thing he does.

My ſon———is ſo far poiſoned by the ſerpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I ſent horſes for him. * * * * * * * * * * * May all happineſs attend you, is the ſincere wiſh of, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCCXXIII.

LADY HOWTH TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Auguſt* 6. 1730.

I DON'T know how this letter may be received, ſince I never had the favour of an anſwer of my laſt. I impute it to the neglect of the poſt, or any thing, rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I aſſure you I ſpend the leaſt of my time at cards. I am on horſeback almoſt every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under

ground. I make nothing of going down ſixty ſteps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I ſhould be able to come nigh Addiſon in ſeveral of his deſcriptions of Italy; for upon my word I think there are ſeveral very remarkable things. As you took a journey laſt winter to Cavan, my Lord and I hope you will take one to the country of Kilkenney this winter, where we aſſure you of a hearty welcome. I muſt now be troubleſome to you; but Lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr Ireland, who was uſher to Mr Garnet, ſchool-maſter of Tipperary. Mr Garnet died lately: He has given Mr Ireland a very good certificate, and moſt of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr Ireland to ſucceed Mr Garnet: As you are one of the governors of that ſchool, I hope you will do Mr Ireland all the ſervice you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this, there came in a trout; it was ſo large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jawbone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a-half. My Lord and I ſtood by to ſee it meaſured. I believe I have tired your patience; ſo beg leave to aſſure you I am your affectionate friend and humble ſervant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My Lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXIV.

THOMAS CARTE, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Aug* 11. 1736.

HAVING at laſt, after a long application, and in the midſt of ſharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a ſedentary life, finiſhed my hiſtory 'of the Life of the firſt Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time,' I here ſend you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the inſtructions you gave me, and hope I have done ſo in ſome meaſure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be ſo much to my ſatisfaction.

It hath been a long ſubject of complaint in England, that no hiſtory has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even thoſe who have taken notice of the military actions of our anceſtors, have yet left the civil hiſtory of the kingdom (the moſt inſtructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, uſages, laws and conſtruction of this nation. Rapin de Toiras, the laſt writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in theſe reſpects; and, writing his hiſtory abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, ſome uſe of Rymer's Fœdera; but his ignorance of our cuſtoms ſuffered him to fall into groſs miſtakes, for want

want of underſtanding the phraſeology of acts, which have reference to our particular cuſtoms. Beſides, Rymer's collection contains only ſuch treatics as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of Chancery: He knew nothing of ſuch as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a liſt of above four hundred by me. Rymer never made uſe of that vaſt collection of materials for an Engliſh hiſtory, which is preſerved in the Cotton library: Nor ever conſulted any journal of our privy-council, whenever he refers to any, ſtill quoting Biſhop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either houſe, where the chief affairs within the nation are tranſacted; and did not ſo much as know there was ſuch a place as the paper-office, where all the letters of the Engliſh ambaſſadors abroad, and all the diſpatches of our ſecretaries of ſtate at home, from the time of Edward IV. to the Revolution (ſince which the ſecretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; ſo that he wanted likewiſe the beſt materials for an account of our foreign affairs. Theſe defects have made ſeveral of our nobility and gentry deſire a new hiſtory to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made uſe of. They have propoſed it to me, and my objections regarding the vaſtneſs of the expence, as well as labour, that,

to

to ſatisfy myſelf, I muſt have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c. in England; but even copies of negociations of foreign ambaſſadors at this court, (*e. g.* of the French; all the negociations and letters of which, for two hundred years paſt, I knew where to have copied), they have propoſed a ſubſcription of a thouſand a-year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expence. The ſubſcription is begun, and will (I believe) be compleated this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this deſign, having been offered ſeveral collections and memoirs of particular perſons, conſiderable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would elſe no part of them ever ſee the light: And the manner of the hiſtory's being carried on, will probably make every body open their ſtores.

This is one reaſon, among many others, which makes me very deſirous of having your judgment of the work I have now publiſhed, and that you would point out to me ſuch faults as I would fain correct in my deſigned work. It will be a very particular favour to a perſon who is, with the greateſt eſteem and reſpect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient ſervant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr Awnſhaw's, in Red-lion court, in Fleet-ſtreet, London,

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXV.

DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Aug.* 14. 1736.

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will diſappoint all his friends fears, and his enemies hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my diſtance from him; what is full as bad, my being ſo near to one who has been the occaſion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made ſuch apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for myſelf, becauſe I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace—NAMELY, to pay ſome debts which I cannot.

My poor Lady Mountcaſhell has a right to a viſit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanry for another. I could wiſh the beſt friend I had in the world, (you may gueſs who I mean), and I am ſure is ſo ſtill, would take a little of my advice——You may depend upon this, it ſhould be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I muſt turn my pen, which is my tongue's repreſentative, againſt you for a while, becauſe I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia ſo agreeably to the Dean, as to ſend him hither while our good weather laſted—My new kitchen is diſappointed; ſo

ſo is my gravel walk; but what is worſe, his only favourite, my rib—who dreamed with great pleaſure, that he would never come. I am ſorry ſhe is diſappointed; for I am certain ſhe would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haſte I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will caſt about a little for me—if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phraſe is, Down with the Iriſh. I will ſay no more, but tell you that you are a falſe miſtreſs; and if you do not behave yourſelf better, I will chuſe another. In the mean time, God bleſs you and my deareſt friend the Dean. I am, notwithſtanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER DCCXXVI.

Aug. 17. 1736.

I FIND, though I have leſs experience than you, the truth of what you told me ſome time ago, that increaſe of years make men more talkative, but leſs writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain buſineſs, or plain how-d'ye's to thoſe few I am forced to correſpond with, either out of neceſſity or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconiciſm; for ſometimes I return only Yes, or No, to queſtionary or petitionary epiſtles of half a yard

yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke ar
only men to whom I write, and always in
You are indeed almoſt the only men I k
who either can write in this age, or whoſe
tings will reach the next: others are mere
tals. Whatever failings ſuch men may
a reſpect is due to them, as luminaries whoſ
altation renders their motion a little irreg
or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others. I
fraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean S
becauſe I hear it only from mortals blind
dull: And you ſhould be cautious of cenſ
any action or motion of Lord B. becauſe
hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or mali
reporters. What you write to me about h
find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of y
to ———. Whatever you might hint to
was this for the profane? The thing, if
ſhould be concealed; but it is, I aſſure you
ſolutely untrue in every circumſtance. He
fixed in a very agreeable retirement near F
tainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſ
care literis. But tell me the truth, were yo
angry at his omitting to write to you ſo l
I may, for I hear from him ſeldomer than
you, that is, twice or thrice a-year at moſt.
you poſſibly think he can neglect you or
gard you? If you catch yourſelf at thinking
noneſenſe, your parts are decayed: For, be
me, great geniuſes muſt and do eſteem one
ther, and I queſtion if any others can eſtee
comprehend uncommon merit. Others

at that merit, or ſee glimmerings of their
s. A genius has the intuitive faculty: there-
imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo
of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can
that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a
er honour to me by far, and will be thought
poſterity, than if all the Houſe of Lords
commendatory verſes upon me, the Com-
ordered me to print my works, the uni-
ies gave me public thanks, and the King,
n, and Prince crowned me with laurel.
are a very ignorant man; you don't know
gure his name and your's will make here-
: I do, and will preſerve all the memorials
, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, ſed pro-*
, *intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the pre-
ıge; it has done enough for me, in making
eeping you two my friends. Do not you
ɔ angry at it; and let not him be too an-
ıt it; it has done and can do neither
ɔu any manner of harm, as long as it
ot and cannot burn your works; while
ſubſiſt, you will both appear the greateſt
ɔf the time, in ſpite of princes and mini-
and the wiſeſt, in ſpite of all the little
; you may pleaſe to commit.
ieu. May better health attend you, than
you poſſeſs; may but as good health attend
ways as mine is at preſent; tolerable, when
ſy mind is joined with it.

LETTER DCCXXVII.

MRS PENDARVES TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Brook-ſtreet, Sept.* 2. 17

I NEVER will accept of the writ of eaſe threaten me with; don't flatter your with any ſuch hopes: I receive too many adv tages from your letters to drop a correſponde of ſuch conſequence to me. I am really grie that you are ſo much perſecuted with a giddi in your head: The Bath and travelling wc certainly be of uſe to you. Your want of rits is a new complaint, and what will not c afflict your particular friends, but every one has the happineſs of your acquaintance. I uneaſy to know how you do, and have no o means for that ſatisfaction but from your c hand, moſt of my Dublin correſpondents b removed to Corke, to Wicklow Mountains, the Lord knows where. I ſhould have m this inquiry ſooner, but that I have this ſum undertaken a work that has given me full ployment, which is making a grotto in Sir J Stanley's garden at North-End: It is ch compoſed of ſhells I had from Ireland. My for two months paſt has been very like a mit's; I have had all the comforts of life ſociety, and have found living quite alor pleaſanter thing than I imagined. The hou I could ſpend in reading have been enterta

by Rollin's Hiſtory of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleaſed with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyrus's, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and muſic have had their ſhare in my amuſements. I roſe between five and ſix, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you ſo much about myſelf, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before laſt; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at preſent, I ſhall return to my ſolitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the ſummer at Tunbridge.

I ſuppoſe you may have heard of Mr Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one: He was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own ſtairs, her foot miſſed the ſide of the boat, ſhe fell into the water, and pulled Mr Pope after her; the boat ſlipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with ſome difficulty they were ſaved. The young lady's name was Talbot: She is as remarkable for being a handſome woman, as Mr Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unleſs I had named you inſtead of him. I ſhall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to anſwer, on the other ſide, that part of your letter that concerns my ſiſter.

ſter. I do not know whether you could like her perſon as well as mine, becauſe ſickneſs has faded her complection; but it is greatly my intereſt not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference. I beg my particular compliments to Dr Delany *. Sir John Stanley ſays, if you have not forgot him, he deſires to be remembered as your humble ſervant.

LETTER DCCXXVIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 15. 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr Henry by the laſt poſt, wherein he tells me that the ſix hundred and ſixty pounds were ſhort by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I ſhould ſend you my promiſſory note for that, and the intereſt of your money, which I will do moſt willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or ſix *per cent.* that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed, if you pleaſed, or would vouchſafe, or condeſcend, or think proper, I would rather that you would,

* This lady was ſometime afterwards married to Dr Delany.

ɔuld, I mean ſhould, charge only five *per cent.* cauſe I might be ſooner able to pay it. Upon ɔond thoughts, mine eyes being very ſore with ɔeping for my wife, you may let Mrs Whiteɪy know, (to whom pray preſent my love and ſt reſpects), that I have made an experiment the lake-water, which I ſent for, upon myf only twice, before my optics became as clear ever; for which reaſon I ſent for a dozen ttles of it for Miſs Harriſon, to brighten her ırs to the ruin of all her beholders. Remembr her if ſhe turns baſiliſk, that her mother is e cauſe. Tully the carrier (not Tully the otor) is to leave this to-morrow, (if he does), whom I ſhall ſend you a quarter of my own ıall mutton, and about ſix quarts of nuts to y miſtreſs in Abbey-ſtreet *, with a fine pair Cavan nut-crackers to ſave her white teeth; ıd your's too, if ſhe will deign to lend them to ɔu. I would adviſe you to keep in with that me lady, as you value my friendſhip, (which your beſt feather), otherwiſe you muſt forgive e if my affections ſhall withdraw with her's. las, my long evenings are coming on, bad weaer, and confinement. O that ſome friend ould lodge me in Dublin Marſhalſea!

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that ſrs Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, ıd won the plate; but ſurely ſhe would not carr the frolic ſo far. They ſay the Primate's lady id againſt her; and that Mrs Whiteway, by

* Mrs Whiteway.

way of weight, carried the Biſhop of Down and Cannor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr Faulkner writ to me for ſome poems of your's which I have. I am collecting them as faſt as I can from among my papers; and he ſhall have them in a poſt or two, ſo pleaſe to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our ſteeple here; and ſo ſtrong was the fermentation of their carcaſes, that our ſteeple has viſibly grown forty foot higher; and, what is wonderful, above twenty ſmall ones are grown out of its ſides. What ſurprizes me moſt is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be ſo good as to communicate this to the Provoſt of the college, or Archdeacon Whittenham, or Archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuoſi in this kingdom.

I wiſh you all happineſs, and hope you will out-live every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flouriſh, and ſo will your obedient and very humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXIX.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 2. 1736.

I AM ſorry to be ſo unlucky in my late errands between his Grace and you: And he alſo is troubled at it, as the perſon you recommend is indeed what you ſay, a very worthy perſon; but Mr Molly, who was Lord George's ſecond tutor, had the promiſe of the next preferment, ſo he cannot put him by for this. I wiſh I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to moſt men in power, that they are often, by neceſſity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court-anſwer or not, I am very poſitively ſure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you ſhould have heard from me before: and I am now literally ſetting out for Bath. So adieu, dear Dean.

LETTER DCCXXX.

MRS BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Bath, Nov.* 3. 1736.

I SHOULD long ſince have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found

found my head ſo diſordered by writing a little that I was fearful of having the gout in it; ſo humbly beſeech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the leaſt inſenſible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How ſhall I expreſs the ſenſe I have of your goodneſs, in inviting me to return to Ireland and generouſly offering to contribute to ſupport me there. But would it not be baſe in me, not to try to do ſomething for myſelf rather than be burthenſome where I am already ſo much in debted?

As to the friend whom you ſay, Sir, is in ſo much better circumſtances, I ſhould be very unjuſt, if I did not aſſure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to purſue the ſcheme of letting lodgings. Your goodneſs and compaſſion for my unhappy ſtate of health, has made you think of it for me; 't impracticable, but I am deſirous to try if I can do any thing good by ſelling Iriſh linen, which find is coming much into repute here; in this way my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of ſervice, but never in the other.

If I ſhould go from Bath, I have reaſon think that the remainder of my life would very miſerable, and that I ſhould ſoon loſe the uſe of my limbs for ever; ſince I find nothing but the bleſſing of God on theſe waters does re

a

r good; beſides this, the intereſt of my chil-
n is a great inducement to me, for here I
e the beſt proſpect of keeping up an acquaint-
e for them. My ſon, who is learning to
it, goes on very well, and, if he be in the
t approved of, in all probability he may do
r well at Bath; for I never yet ſaw a painter
came hither, fail of getting more buſineſs
ı he could do, let him be never ſo indifferent:
l I am in hopes that Con. may ſettle here. Dr
ıd, whoſe goodneſs to me is great, may be of
uſe to him, if he finds, as I hope he will,
he is worthy of his favour. And, if God
ſes my ſons with ſucceſs, they are ſo well in-
ed, that I do not doubt but they would take
eaſure in ſupporting me, if I can make a ſhift
naintain them and myſelf till then: And I
Mr Barber is very willing to do what he can
them, though his circumſtances are far from
g what you are told they are; not, I fear,
ſo good.

ut though I cannot hope to be ſupported by
ng lodgings, I would willingly take a houſe
tle larger than I want for myſelf, if I could
t with it on reaſonable terms, that if any
icular friend came, they might lodge in it,
:h would make it more agreeable: And if
e till my ſon, the painter, goes into buſineſs,
ıight be with me. As for Con. if he does
chuſe to ſettle here, good Dr Helſham, with
ıſual friendlineſs, has promiſed to honour
with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, Sir, told you my ſchemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpreſſible goodneſs to me. I have at length got reſolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condeſcend to grant, would make me rich, without impoveriſhing you.

When Dr King of Oxford was laſt in Ireland, he had the pleaſure of ſeeing your Treatiſe on Polite Converſation, and gave ſuch an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very deſirous to ſee it. Lady Worſley, who heard of it from Mrs Cleland *, and many more of my patroneſſes preſſed me to beg it of you, and aſſured me I might get a great ſubſcription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publiſh an advertiſement, that you had made me a preſent of them. This they commanded me to tell you above a year ago, and I have had many letters ſince upon that account; but, conſcious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a ſhame to preſume further upon your goodneſs: But, when I was laſt in London, they made me promiſe I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time ſince, but never could till now.———I humbly beſeech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not

* 'Lady Worſley, wife of Sir Robert Worſley. Mrs Cleland, wife of Major William Cleland, a friend of Mr Pope, and author of the Letter to the publiſher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the firſt correct edition of that poem.'

not to be offended with me for aſking it; for it was others that, out of kindneſs to me, put me upon it. They ſaid you made no advantage for yourſelf by your writings; and that, ſince you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reaſon in the world to think it would be a pleaſure to you to ſee me in eaſy circumſtances; that every body would gladly ſubſcribe for any thing Dr Swift wrote; and, indeed, I believe in my conſcience it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this ſeaſon; amongſt others Lady Carteret, and Mrs Spencer*; who commanded me to make their beſt compliments to you. They came on Mrs Spencer's account, who is better in her health ſince ſhe drank theſe waters. I daily ſee ſuch numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wiſh you would try them: As you are ſenſible your diſorders are chiefly occaſioned by a cold ſtomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world ſo likely to cure that diſorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a ſovereign remedy for diſorders of that kind: I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try ſo agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone; if you will not try it for your own ſake, why will you not in pity to your country? O may that Being that inſpired you to be its defence in the day of diſtreſs,

* 'Daughter of Lord Carteret, married firſt to the Honourable John Spencer, brother to the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards to the late Earl Cowper.'

ſtreſs, influence you to take the beſt method to preſerve a life of ſo much importance to an oppreſſed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr Temple * was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a preſent of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he ſaid was good for the gout, and diſtinguiſhed me in the kindeſt manner. He commanded me to make his beſt compliments to you, and ſays, he flatters himſelf you will viſit Moor-Park once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be ſo bleſt as to ſee you, who am, with infinite reſpect and gratitude, your moſt obliged, moſt dutiful humble ſervant,

MARY BARBER.

LETTER DCCXXXI.

MRS WHITEWAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Nov.* 8. 1736.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you ſaid, which was, Pox on all Iriſh writers, and Iriſh letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleaſed to anſwer the following queſtions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your

* 'John Temple, Eſq; nephew of Sir William Temple, whoſe grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late Lord Viſcount Palmerſtone.'

your ſtomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr Sheridan promiſed you turn out *? And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleaſed to ſuppoſe that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order ſomebody elſe to do it. Dr Sheridan would give ſixpence I would aſk who, riſe off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now, to write politely, when I change my ſubject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr Waller has printed an advertiſement, offering ten guineas reward to any perſon that will diſcover the author of a paragraph, ſaid to be the caſe of one Mr Throp. I don't know whether you heard any thing of ſuch an affair before you left town, but I think it is ſaid there is ſome trial to be about it before the Houſe of Commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you uſed to do at the deanry, for boys and girls, and wives, will be peeping; particularly be pleaſed to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr Sheridan has my free leave to

* A cant expreſſion, much uſed in thoſe times upon all occaſions, and here ridiculous.

read this, on condition he burns it inſtantly; but firſt let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you anſwer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly * never to have done with my demands on you: Therefore write, or not write, (unleſs you command otherwiſe) you ſhall hear once a-week from, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is juſt come from the deanry: Every thing is in good order. She ſaw Mrs Ridgeway there. Young Harriſon and his ſiſter preſent you their moſt obedient reſpects.

LETTER DCCXXXII.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Paris, Nov. 9. O. S.* 1736.

AS ſoon as ever you caſt your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was tranſported from Edinburgh to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a ſmall hint; you know I am a Laplander †, and conſequently

* Miſs Harriſon.

† This alludes to the Doctor's fine ſatire called The Toaſt, which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander.

conſequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with ſome witches of diſtinction. I ſpeak in the phraſe of this country; for the firſt man I ſpoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr Knight's hatter. But to our buſineſs. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me ſhall be dated from London, where I propoſe to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the preſs, and oblige the whole Engliſh nation. As to the hiſtory, the Dean may be aſſured I will take care to ſupply the dates that are wanting, and which can eaſily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleaſes, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed leſs trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the hiſtory, and will do the author as much honour, and anſwer the purpoſe full as well. This is all I need ſay in anſwer to the part of your letter which is ſerious: for I hope you are not in earneſt, when you throw out ſuch horrible reflections againſt my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greateſt politeneſs and delicacy during my ſhort ſtay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houſes, where I had my quarters, as even you could deſire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the ſ——ks, which are ſo much complained of there, are not more

offenſive than I have found them in every ſtreet in this elegant city, which the French ſay is the miſtreſs of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you ſhall know them when I am out of it; and then I will write to the Dean, and give him ſome account of his old friend my Lord Bolingbroke. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to haſten the publication of his hiſtory. In the mean time, I beg of you to aſſure him, that nothing ſhall be wanting on my part to execute his commiſſions very faithfully. I am truly ſenſible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French ſenſe of that word.

I deſire my humble ſervice to Miſs Harriſon, and tell Mr Swift * I ſhall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real ſervice. At the ſame time I aſſure you, with the greateſt truth, that I am, Madam, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. KING.

LETTER DCCXXXIII.

DR SHERIDAN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Nov.* 21. 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your diſappointment in the nuts and water, which

* Mr Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford the ſpring following.

ich were both in perfection when they left , and for which I will make the carrier an mple, as ſoon as I can lay hold of him. I believe this ſame country, wherein I am ſet- d, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every id, and theft. It is not long ſince a pair of ll-ſtones were ſtolen, and carried off from thin two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced d purſued as far as Killiſhandra, and farther :y were never more heard of, any more than they had been dropt into hell. I do believe s dexterity may challenge hiſtory to match it. has made all our country merry, but the poor ller who loſt them.

I ſincerely congratulate with you upon the re- very of our dear friend the Dean. May he e long, to the joy of his friends, and the vex- on of his enemies. I have been for a week ſt compoſing an Anglo-latin letter to him, ıich is not as yet finiſhed. I hope it will ake him a viſit upon his birth-day, which I in- ıd to celebrate with ſome of his own money, d ſome of his own friends here. Three te- nts have lately run away with thirty pounds my rent: I have, by good fortune, got one :h honeſt man in their place, who has com- enced from Sept. paſt, and is to pay me their rears the next May; ſo that I am well off. I ill gather as faſt as I can for the Dean; but in- :ed he muſt have a little longer indulgence for e. It is very hard that the Squire —— ould keep my money in his pocket, when it is

nothing out of his. I ſuppoſe he intends it ſhall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be ſometimes in his kitchen, and his nurſery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my ſcholar ——— of ———, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me juſtice. There never was known ſuch a ſcarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the diſmal circumſtances of ſome thouſands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leaſes and effects into ready money. Some ſquires will have their whole eſtates left to themſelves and their dogs. O what compaſſion I have for them! I have written a pretty little birth-day poem againſt St Andrew's day, which, when corrected, reviſed, and amended, I intend for Faulkner to publiſh. I do aſſure you, Madam, it is a very pretty thing, (although I ſay it that ſhould'nt ſay it), and as humourous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my miſtreſs? I ſay that you are, and ſhall be in ſpite of the whole world. I wiſh Mrs Sheridan were dead out of the way.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXXIV.

DR DUNKIN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Nov.* 30. 1736.

I HAD propoſed vaſt pleaſure to myſelf, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent head-ach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not ſafely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write ſome lines on the occaſion; not indeed with that accuracy the ſubject deſerved, being the crudities of laſt night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indiſpoſition of my pate: But if they ſhould in any meaſure merit your approbation, I ſhall rejoice in my pain. One comfort however I enjoy by abſenting myſelf from your ſolemnity, that I ſhall not undergo a ſecond mortification, by hearing my own ſtuff. Be pleaſed to render my moſt dutiful reſpects agreeable to the Dean, and pardon this trouble from, Madam, your moſt obliged, moſt obedient ſervant,

W. DUNKIN.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXXV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual diſorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converſe. All I have left is to walk and ride: The firſt I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this ſeaſon, is ſeldom in my power; and having not an ounce of fleſh about me, my ſkin comes off in ten miles riding, becauſe my ſkin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, becauſe you will not ſuppoſe me as ſick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I ſhould not be able to anſwer. I have too many vexations, by my ſtation and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few diſtant friends that are left; and, conſidering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourſelf. What Horace ſays, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I ſhall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to diſtinguiſh ſo confounded early, that your acquaintance with diſtinguiſhed men

of all kinds was almoſt as ancient as mine; an Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Ad-, Parnell, &c. and in ſpite of your heart, ıave owned me a cotemporary; not to men-Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Pe-row. In ſhort, I was the other day recol-ıg twenty-ſeven great miniſters, or men of nd learning, who are all dead, and all of cquaintance, within twenty years paſt; nei-have I the grace to be ſorry, that the pre-times are drawn to the dregs as well as my life.——May my friends be happy in this ı better life; but I value not what becomes ıſterity, when I conſider from what mon-they are to ſpring.——My Lord Orrery s to you to-morrow, and you ſee I ſend ınder his cover, or at leaſt franked by him. as 3000 l. a-year about Cork and the neigh-ıood, and has more than three years rent id: This is our condition in theſe bleſſed ŀ. I writ to your neighbour about a h ago, and ſubſcribed my name; I fear he not received my letter, and wiſh you would im: But perhaps he is ſtill a-rambling; for ear of him at Newmarket, and that Boer-: hath reſtored his health.——How my :es are leſſened of late with the number of iends on your ſide! Yet my Lord Bathurſt, Lord Maſham, and Mr Lewis, remain; and ; your acquaintance, I deſire, when you ſee , to deliver my compliments; but chiefly ſrs P. B. and let me know whether ſhe be

as

as young and agreeable as when I ſaw her laſt. Have you got a ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe who are gone? and are they equal to the firſt? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti ſe puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am leſs grieved for living here, becauſe it is a perfect retirement, and conſequently fitteſt for thoſe who are grown good for nothing: For this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales.——My head is ſo ill that I cannot write a paper full as I uſed to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. ——I had reaſon to expect from ſome of your letters, that we were to hope for more epiſtles of morality; and, I aſſure you, my acquaintance reſent that they have not ſeen my name at the head of one. The ſubjects of ſuch epiſtles are more uſeful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although, in ſo profligate a world as ours, they may poſſibly not much mend our manners, yet poſterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the leaſt reliſh for virtue and religion.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXXXVI.

LORD CASTLEDURROW * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Caſtledurrow, Dec.* 4. 1736.

IT is now a month ſince you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may perſuade you to excuſe my acknowledgments of it; but I am too ſenſible of the honour you do me, to ſuffer a correſpondence to drop, which I know ſome of the greateſt men in this age have gloried in. How then muſt my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I ſhall rather compare myſelf to a worm enlivened by the ſun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meaneſt inſect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itſelf in its curls and twiſts before its benefactor: This is more than the greateſt philoſopher can determine. Gueſſes are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your ſervant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your œconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for ſuet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an

* This was William Lord Baron of Caſtledurrow, whoſe ſon Henry was created Lord Viſcount Aſhbrook in the year 1751.

an acquaintance as moſt you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happineſs to be ſo qualified as to merit that intimacy you profeſs for a few. It is now to little purpoſe to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of Dean Aldrich, the greateſt man who ever preſided in that high poſt; that over Virgil and Horace, Gay and Phillips ſmoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beſides the expence of a buſhel of nuts, and that now I am ſcarce able to reliſh their beauties. I know it is death to you to ſee either of them mangled; but a ſcrap of paper I deſign to incloſe, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of ſeventy, who takes the laſt line ſo heinouſly, that, thanks to my ſtars, ſhe hates me in earneſt. So I devote myſelf to ladies of fewer years, and more diſcretion.

This, and ſuch other innocent amuſements, I devote myſelf to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His Grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract ſtrange old-faſhioned ruſt, and adviſed me to burſt out of my ſolitude, and refit myſelf for the public; but my own notion of the world, for ſome time paſt, is ſo confirmed by the ſanction of your opinion of it, that I reſolve this ſame ruſt ſhall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr Woodward's ſhield *; though it gave ſuch offence to his

* The character of Dr Cornelius Scriblerus, in the Memoirs of his ſon Martinus Scriblerus, was intended for

his cleanly maid, that ſhe poliſhed it to none at all.

I ſhall appear very inconſiſtent with myſelf in now telling you, that I ſtill deſign the latter end of next ſix months for England. You allow I have ſome pretence to go there. My progreſs with my ſon will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I ſhall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I deſign to ſend you a pot of woodcocks for a Chriſtmas-box: Small as the preſent is, pray believe I am, with ſincere reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CASTLEDURROW.

Verſes by Lord Caſtledurrow, incloſed in the former letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover, rendered in metre.

Old women ſometimes can raiſe his deſire;
The young, in their turn, ſet his heart all on fire;
And ſometimes again he abhors woman-kind.
Was ever poor wretch of ſo fickle a mind!

for Dr Woodward, who wrote a diſſertation on an antique ſhield; and Dr Cornelius is repreſented as having intended to place his ſon in what he conceived to be an antique ſhield, to be chriſtened; but which being given to the maid, with its venerable ruſt upon it, ſhe ſcoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old ſconce without a nozzle.

The Lover's Anſwer.

Parcius junctas quatiunt Feneſtras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua Limen.

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more ſhall frolic youth advance
In ſerenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling ſtroke no more ſhall beat
Againſt thy window and thy gate;
In idle ſleep now lie ſecure,
And never be unbarr'd the door.

LETTER DCCXXXVII.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Dec.* 7. 1736.

I ARRIVED here yeſterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a poſitive reſolution concerning the hiſtory. You need not heſitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can ſupply them without the leaſt trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of thoſe public pieces, which you determined ſhould be inſerted at length; I mean Sir Thomas Hanmer's repreſentation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publiſh the two tracts as an appendix to the hiſtory, you will

will be pleaſed to ſee if the character given of the E. of Oxford in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the ſame perſon in the hiſtory. Perhaps, on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiſcard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Meſnager. But as theſe are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiſs if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the Gazzettes, or any other news-papers of thoſe times. This is all I have to offer to your conſideration; and you ſee here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this hiſtory ſhould be publiſhed from the original manuſcript, it muſt be done while you are living: and if you continue in the ſame mind to intruſt me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do although I did not owe you a thouſand obligations, which I ſhall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

W. KING.

LETTER DCCXXXVIII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Dec.* 21. 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of laſt month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I reſolved not to hazard another by the croſs poſt, but ſtay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all phyſic and water-drinking. My conſtitution muſt certainly be a pretty good one; for it has reſiſted the attacks of five eminent phyſicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worſe for any of them. For the future I will preſerve myſelf by your advice, and follow your rules, of riſing early, eating little, drinking leſs, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of uſe to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr Stopford's good ſucceſs, and have acknowledged my obligation to the Duke of Dorſet, who I dare ſay will in time do more for him, becauſe he has promiſed it. My firſt deſire to ſerve him was ſolely becauſe I knew you eſteemed him. I was confident he muſt be a deſerving man, ſince John Gay aſſured me he was a very particular friend of your's. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance,

quaintance, grew to love him for his own ſake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to thoſe who recommend them. There is a ſentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and ſhould be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodeſſe, nemini nocere.* It is a noble ſentiment, and ſhall by my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming ſo many ſucceſſors to the Duke of Dorſet, than becauſe he has ſerved, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more amongſt you, and the rather ſince I am told he gave great ſatisfaction the laſt time he was with you. Lord Eſſex will hardly be the perſon to ſucceed him, though I ſhould be glad he was, ſince I flatter myſelf he would be willing, on many occaſions, to ſhew ſome regard to my recommendations. I have lately ſeen a gentleman who is come from France, who aſſures me, the perſon you inquire after, and to whom you gave ſo many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own, I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am ſure it cannot laſt long, unleſs an old gentleman would pleaſe to die, who ſeems at preſent not to have the leaſt inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope ſhewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you ſo full

of complaints, and we wiſhed heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in ſpring. Shifting the ſcene was of great ſervice to me: perhaps it may be ſo to you. I mended from the moment I had croſſed the ſeas, and ſenſibly felt the benefit of changing air. His Majeſty is ſtill on the other ſide. He has eſcaped being at ſea in the tempeſtuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Cheſterfield ſays, if he does not come by twelfth-day, the people will chuſe king and queen without him. I muſt tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs Mapp, a famous ſhe bone-ſetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and ſix horſes, on the Kentiſh road was met by a rabble of people, who ſeeing her very oddly and tawdrily dreſſed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded ſhe muſt be a certain great perſon's miſtreſs. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glaſs, and ſcreamed louder than any of them. She was no Hanover whore! ſhe was an Engliſh one! Upon which they cried out, God bleſs your Ladyſhip! quitted the purſuit, and wiſhed her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the Houſe next ſeſſions; but not with that aſſiduity as I have formerly done. Why ſhould I riſk the doing myſelf any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good. You that have been a

long

long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be aſtoniſhed; and yet I dare ſay I don't know of half that are practiſed in one little ſpot of ground only; you may eaſily gueſs where I mean.

I will make your compliments to Lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am ſure he will be pleaſed with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I ſhall look on the continuance of your correſpondence as a very particular honour; for I aſſure you, that I am, with the greateſt truth and eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

LETTER DCCXXXIX.

TO DR SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almoſt any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concerned about others, nor

ſo

ſo crazy ourſelves as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved nor eſteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what (it is a thouſand to one) he complains with us: for if we have known him long, he is old; and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my pity: But if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can aſſure you ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality muſt go towards acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem for your ſenſe, virtue, and charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we loved and have loſt, perpetually increaſing. How much that reflection ſtruck me, you will ſee from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus amicitias!

n this letter till I can find ſome ſafe con-
:e; innocent as it is, and as all letters of
nuſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperi-
xcept the reverence I bear to true merit
rtue. "But I have much reaſon to fear,
e which you have too partially kept in
r hands, will get out in ſome very diſagree-
ſhape, in caſe of our mortality: And the
e reaſon to fear it, ſince this laſt month
ll has obtained from Ireland two letters,
: of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine to
, which we wrote in the year 1723), and
ıas printed them, to the beſt of my memo-
ightly, except one paſſage concerning Daw-
which muſt have been ſince inſerted, ſince
Lord had not that place at that time.
ır anſwer to that letter he has not got; it
never been out of my cuſtody; for what-
: is lent is loſt (wit as well as money) to
e needy poetical readers."
: world will certainly be the better for his
e of life. He ſeems, in the whole turn of
:ters, to be a ſettled and principled philo-
r, thanking Fortune for the tranquillity he
:en led into by her averſion, like a man
ı by a violent wind, from the ſea into a
harbour. You aſk me, if I have got any
y of new friends to make up for thoſe
re gone? I think that impoſſible; for not

our

our friends only, but ſo much of ourſelves is gone, by the mere flux and courſe of years, that were the ſame friends to be reſtored to us, we could not be reſtored to ourſelves to enjoy them. But as when the continual waſhing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and ſedges in their room *; ſo the courſe of time brings us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flouriſh and adorn us, gives us only what is of ſome little uſe, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my ſeeking, a few chance acquaintance of young men, who look rather to the paſt age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I, and the world, have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in parliament: And you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their aſſerting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the ſame ſtudies, and the ſame authors. But I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on

* There are ſome ſtrokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwiſe, than by the author's extreme compaſſion and tenderneſs of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peeviſh old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. *Warb.*

the former. But I find my heart hardened, l blunt to new impreſſions; it will ſcarce re- ve or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe ends who have been dead theſe twenty years, more preſent to me now than thoſe I ſee daily. u, dear Sir, are one of the former ſort to me all reſpects, but that we can yet correſpond ether. I don't know whether it is not more tatious to know we are both in one world, thout any further intercourſe. Adieu. I can no more, I feel ſo much. Let me drop into mmon things.—Lord Maſham has juſt married ſon. Mr Lewis has juſt buried his wife. rd Oxford wept over your letter in pure kind- ſs. Mrs B. ſighs more for you than for the s of youth. She ſays ſhe will be agreeable ny years hence, for ſhe has learned that ſecret m ſome receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

LETTER DCCXL.

March 23. 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you deſired in your laſt, that I uld write often to you, would be a very eaſy k; for every day I talk with you, and of you, my heart; and I need only ſet down what at is thinking of. The nearer I find myſelf rging to that period of life which is to be la- ur and ſorrow, the more I prop myſelf upon oſe few ſupports that are left me. People in

in

this ſtate are like props indeed: they cannot ſtand alone, but two or more of them can ſtand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wiſh you and I might paſs this part of life together. My only neceſſary care is at an end. I am now my own maſter too much; my houſe is too large; my gardens furniſh too much wood and proviſion for my uſe. My ſervants are ſenſible, and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than ſervants; and to all thoſe that I ſee here with pleaſure, they take a pleaſure in being uſeful. I conclude this is your caſe too in your domeſtic life; and I ſometimes think of your old houſekeeper as my nurſe; though I tremble at the ſea, which only divides us. As your fears are not ſo great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your ſtrength ſtill much greater, is it utterly impoſſible it might once more be ſome pleaſure to you to ſee England? My ſole motive in propoſing France to meet in, was the narrowneſs of the paſſage by ſea from hence; the phyſicians having told me, the weakneſs of my breaſt, &c. is ſuch, as ſea-ſickneſs might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your native country *, there remain a few more who will laſt ſo till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be ſunk or enſlaved,

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, becauſe the ſentence may be underſtood in a double ſenſe. *Dub. edit.*

enſlaved, while ſuch ſpirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. Theſe look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the ſight of him at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their ſpecies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes of writing to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong one it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publiſh them with all their imperfections on their head; ſo that I write on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſe-keeper, and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in ſpite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER DCCXLI.

TO MR ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR ALDERMAN, *March* 30. 1737.

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr Loyd, which he will deliver to you, ſigned by the magiſtrates and chief inhabitants of Coleraine. It ſeems your ſociety hath raiſed the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years paſt, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the moſt ſcrewing landlords of this kingdom: And the conſequence hath already been, that many of your tenants in that town and the lands about it, are preparing to the plantations of America, for the ſame reaſons that are driving ſome thouſands of families in the North to the ſame plantations, I mean the oppreſſion of landlords. My dear friend, you are to conſider, that no ſociety can or ought, in prudence or juſtice, let their lands at ſo high a rate as a ſquire, who lives upon his eſtate, and is able to diſtrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate muſt give eaſy bargains, ſo as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are ſubject. Thus, biſhops, deans and chapters, as well as other corporations, ſeldom or never let their lands even ſo high as half the value; and when they raiſe thoſe rents which are unreaſonably

ably low, it is by degrees. I have inſtances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter, although my own lands, as Dean, are let four fifths under their value. On the other ſide, there is no reaſon why an honourable ſociety ſhould rent their eſtate for a trifle. And therefore I told Mr Loyd my opinion: That if you could be prevailed on juſt to double the rent and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner. For I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppreſſed country muſt neceſſarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things ſhould mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increaſe of rent: But not by ſuch leaps as you are now taking: For you ought to remember the fable, of the hen who laid every ſecond day a golden egg, upon which her miſtreſs killed her to get the whole lump together. I am told that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of Engliſh in thoſe parts. If that be ſo, you are too wiſe to let it be a colony of Iriſh beggars. I would not have ſaid thus much in an affair, and about perſons to whom I am a ſtranger, if I had not been long aſſured of the poor condition thoſe people in and about Coleraine have lain under ſince that enormous raiſing of their rents. The bearer, whom I never ſaw until yeſterday, ſeems to be a gentleman of truth and good ſenſe. Yet, if he hath miſrepreſented this matter to me, I ſhall never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: Spirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you deſire: For I have loſt ſo many friends without getting any new, that I muſt keep you as a ſample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Your's, &c.

LETTER DCCXLII.

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Corke, April* 3. 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thouſand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thouſand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the ſame ſtate of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidſt tyrants and monſters——Do you not remember the deſcription of Polypheme and his den?

——— *Domus ſanie dapibuſque cruentis*
Intus opaca, ingens, ipſe arduus altaque pulſat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite peſtem)!
Nec viſu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
Viceribus miſerorum et ſanguine *veſcitur atro.*

Remember alſo, that

Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Tranſlate

Tranſlate theſe lines and come away with me to Marſton; there you ſhall enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; there you ſhall ſee the famous Sacſockiſhkaſh, and his two pupils, who ſhall attend your altars with daily incenſe; there no archbiſhops can intrude; there you ſhall be the ſole lord and maſter; whilſt we your ſubjects ſhall learn obedience from our happineſs.——If you ever can think ſeriouſly, think ſo now; and let me ſay with the curate of my pariſh, Conſider what has been ſaid unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you! Mrs Whiteway ſhall be truly welcome to Marſton's homely ſhade. Hector ſhall fawn upon the Doctor; and I myſelf will be under the direction and government of Sir R. W.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to England; the moſt acceptable load will be yourſelf, and that I would carry with as much true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchiſes on his ſhoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our ſtation to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and ſix is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to ſtart a hare in Stephen's-Green about the firſt of next month. In the middle of June I will hope to ſet ſail with you to England. Mr Pope will come out beyond the ſhore to meet you: You will exchange Cyclops for men: And if one muſt fall ſurely the choice is right.

Si pereo, manibus hominum periiſſe juvabit.

My next ſhall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewel; but hereafter expect my whole life and converſation: You ſhall certainly have the cheeſes. If you will come to Somerſetſhire, I will eat one for joy *. The beſt in England are made in my manor.

I am ſo well, that I had almoſt forgot to anſwer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happineſs to your very affectionate obliged and faithful ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCXLIII.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-ſtreet, April 7. 1737.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

I AM extremely obliged to you for ſeveral letters, which I, with great ſhame and concern, acknowledge that I have not anſwered, as alſo ſeveral remembrances of me and my family in your letters to ſeveral of your friends, but particularly in your letters to Mr Pope: I ſtand very ſtrongly obliged to you upon theſe accounts: I dare ſay you will do me that juſtice that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any

* The Earl of Orrery hated cheeſe to ſuch a degree, that he could ſcarce bear the ſight of it.

any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulneſs: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmeſt eſteem and ſincereſt regard for you of any one, be he whom he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what has paſſed, and I promiſe to amend, if my letters would in the leaſt be agreeable to you.

One reaſon of my writing to you now is (next to my aſking your forgiveneſs) this, I am told that you have given leave and liberty to ſome one or more of your friends to print a hiſtory of the laſt four years of Queen Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am moſt truly ſenſible of your conſtant regard and ſincere friendſhip for my father, even to partiality, (if I may ſay ſo), I am very ſenſible of the ſhare and part he muſt bear in ſuch a hiſtory; and as I remember when I read over that hiſtory of your's, I can recollect that there ſeemed to me a want of ſome papers to make it more complete, which was not in our power to obtain; beſides there were ſome ſevere things ſaid, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to ſupport; for theſe reaſons it is that I do intreat the favour of you, and make it my earneſt requeſt, that you will give your poſitive directions, that this hiſtory be not printed and publiſhed, until I have had an opportunity of ſeeing it, with a liberty of ſhewing it to ſome family-friends, whom I would conſult upon this occaſion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will

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be ſo good as to grant me my requeſt; I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I could ſoon ſay ſomething to you that would convince you I am not wrong: They are not proper for a letter, as you will eaſily gueſs.

My wife deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice; my daughter is extremely pleaſed with the notice you are pleaſed to take of her, ſhe is very well: She brought me another grand-daughter laſt month: Deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice, and would be glad of the pleaſure of ſeeing you here in England.

The Duke of Portland ſo far anſwers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the beſt huſband, the beſt father, and the beſt ſon; theſe qualities are, I aſſure you, very rare in this age.

I wiſh you would make my compliments to my Lord Orrery; do you deſign to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true eſteem and regard, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

I wiſh Mr Faulkner, when he ſends any thing to me, would ſay how you do.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXLIV.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

April 9. 1737.

ABOUT a month ago I received your laſt letter, wherein you complain of my long ſilence; what will you do when I am ſo long in anſwering? I have one excuſe which will ſerve for all my friends; I am quite worn out with diſorders of my mind and body; a long fit of deafneſs, which ſtill continues, hath unqualified me for converſing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehenſion of giddineſs, whereof I have frequently ſome frightful touches. Beſides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will ſee by the number of ſcratchings and blots before this letter is done: Into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forſaken me, except Mrs Whiteway, who preſerves ſome pity for my condition; and a few others, who love wine that coſts them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am juſt as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But to ſpeak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primùs*; for we have all expected you here at Eaſter, as you were uſed to do.——Your muſter-roll of meat is good, but of drink in ſupport able. Yew wan twine. My ſtreſs Albavia has eaten here all

all your hung beef, and ſaid it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miſs Molly hath iſſued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs Harriſon: Which cauſeth many ſpeck you'll aſh owns. ——I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which begg inns wyth Mad dam.—So will go on, by the ſtrength of my own wit, upon points of the high eſt imp or taunts. I have been very curious in conſidering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies; ſuch as, grow ling, ray ling, tip ling, (ſeldom) toy ling, mumb ling, grumb ling, cur ling, puſs ling, buſs ling, ſtrow ling, ramb ling, quarry ling, tat ling, whiff ling, dab ling, doub ling. Theſe are but as ample of an hunn dread mower: They have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, and dare ink you rabble. ——Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine ca-pa city. Pray tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your ſchool, I will declare I was never ſo ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finiſhed my will for the laſt time; wherein I left ſome little legacy, which you are not to receive till you ſhall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the conſideration of my leaving theſe legacies to you.

Explain

Explain this proverb. Salt dry fiſh, and the wedding gold; is the vice of women both young and old. Yes, your have it i nam o mento time. The old huncks ſhepherd has buried his only ſon, who was a young huncks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a ryhme; it is a ſatire on an inconſtant lover.

You are as faithleſs as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha,
Jenny, Ann.

A ſpecimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

EGO ludam diabolum ſuper duos baculos cum te.
Voca ſuper me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me ſolum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid peſtis velles tu eſſe apud?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni ſuper.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te ſecare ſaltum.
Veni, veni, ſolve tuum ſcotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id eſt plus expenſi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem-plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid eſt materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium ſuper tuum latus:

Nihil

Nihil eſt nunquam in periculo.
Cap me apud illud, et ſuſpende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in forti tempore.
Eſt formoſus corporatus homo in facie.
Eſne tu ſuper pro omni die?
Morſus: Eſne tu ibi cum tuis urſis?
Ille eſt ex ſuper ſuam ſervationem.
Tu eſt carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas n crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic eſt magnus clamor et va lana.
Quid! tu es ſuper tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam ſervaſti tuum verbum.
Hic eſt diabolus et omne agere.
Viſne tu eſſe tam bonus, quam tuum verbum.
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego ſervo hoc pro pluvioſo die.
Ego poſſum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullam manum in id.
Eſne tu in aure nido?
Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula ſuper.
Ego intro non in tuas querelas.
Ego feci amore virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis ſtultum
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes ſocii apud pedem pilam.
Fœminæ et linteum aſpiciunt optime per candelæ lu

LETTER DCCXLVII*.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22d, as you will read below in the date) ſend or talk to Mr Smith: But I diſtruſt your ſanguinity ſo much, (by my own deſponding temper), that I know not whether that affair of your juſticeſhip be fixed; but I ſhall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan againſt the lowering of gold, which is juſt a kind of ſettlement upon England of 25,000 l. a-year for ever. Yet ſome of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the abſentees will be juſt ſo much gainers. I am exceſſively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our noſtrils, but our lungs. You muſt in ſummer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday ſome miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy; but they intend far to outdo the original. I wiſh I were to be born next century, when we ſhall be utterly rid of parſons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at preſent; and until your Biſhop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of Reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witneſs, relating to his printer of quadrille, (did

* This ſhould have been dated 22d May 1737, but is not.

you ever ſee it?) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promiſes (againſt his nature) to conſider him; but interpoſed an exception, which I believe will deſtroy the whole. Mrs Whiteway gives herſelf airs of loving you; but do not truſt her too much; for ſhe grows diſobedient, and ſays, ſhe is going *for* to get another favourite. In ſhort, ſhe calls you names, and has neither Mr or Dr on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, elſe ſhe would read this in ſpite of me; and, between ourſelves, ſhe ſets up to be my governor. I wiſh you had ſent me the Chriſtian name of Knatchbull, and I would have writ to him; but I will ſee him on Monday, if he will be viſible. The poem on the Legion Club is ſo altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only ſaw the original), and ſo damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great perſonal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some ſay they will wait for revenge to their next meeting; others ſay the Privy-council will ſummon the ſuſpected author. If I could get the true copy, I would ſend it you. Your Biſhop writes me word, that the real author is manifeſt by the work.—Your loſs of fleſh is nothing, if it be made up with ſpirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myſelf. I believe I ſhall ſay with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*, for half my body is already ſpent.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXLVIII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *April* 17. 1737.

I RETURNED laſt night from Derry, where I have been for ſome time paſt, and where you will be received with great reſpect. I pleaſed myſelf with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you deſign being here.—My diſappointment occaſions you this trouble; and I hope you will ſuffer that which can do it beſt to plead my excuſe for being ſo importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleaſant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year: The fields are putting on their gayeſt liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their ſweeteſt notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I muſt brag of my ſituation, and will pawn my credit with you in thoſe matters, that you will pronounce it the moſt delightful you have ſeen in Dublin at leaſt.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a ſelf-intereſt I have in honouring this place with your preſence. All the incloſures I intend in my demeſne are now finiſhed, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but

until I am fixed in the ſcheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the beſt manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final reſolution, till I ſhall have the opportunity of intreating your opinion and aſſiſtance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourſelf no diſagreeable amuſement, and occaſion ſomething elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almoſt done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your ſtages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewartſtown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troubleſome to you, and that I am, with the greateſt truth, as well as eſteem, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

LETTER DCCXLIX.

THE HON. MISS DAVYS * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 27. 1737.

I KNOW you are always pleaſed to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodneſs, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the Blue-coat Hoſpital. I received the incloſed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with

* Afterwards Counteſs of Barrymore.

with this requeſt, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

M. DAVYS.

LETTER DCCL

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31. 1737.

IT is true, I owe you ſome letters; but it has pleaſed God that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability; for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafneſs, being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I muſt always

be; for yonr's are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the head of any one of your epiſtles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the ſubject of morality, even in the poetical way; and ſhould have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of your's, "I have faſtened in a folio cover, and the reſt "in bundles indorſed: But, by reading their "dates, I find a chaſm of ſix years, of which I "can find no copies; and yet I keep them with "all poſſible care. But I have been forced, on "three or four occaſions, to ſend all my papers "to ſome friends; yet thoſe papers were all ſent "ſealed in bundles to ſome faithful friends; how-"ever, what I have are not much above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt the corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus. It was ſent me in the Engliſh edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for flattery, ſome for ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out ſome: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect

affect to be certain, that the profeſſion of friendſhip to me in the ſame poem will not ſuffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happineſs is, that you are too far engaged; and in ſpite of you, the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and eſteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr Glover who writ the epic poem, called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have juſt read one upon converſation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper. I am, my deareſt friend, your's entirely, as long as I can write or ſpeak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCLI.

DR SHERIDAN TO DR SWIFT.

CERVE DECANE, *June*, 1737.

EGO longus audire a te, nunc Franciſci ſunt venti intus. Dominus M'Carty erat apud

pud Sanctas Catherinas *, qui olim mina
me cum ſcripto, et ſue ego ibam ad Dunl
Non reddebam ad Dulinum apis cauſa deb
nummum, et ego habeam id non ad cicere

Meus filius Thomas ſedebat nuper pro
laſticâ nave, et perdidit id per malitiam
Domini Hughs, qui gignebat ſuper apud
rem †, et dixit, quod puer erat nimium ju
projuramento. Diabolus cape ingratum Soc
nam olim dedi illum doctrinam pro nihil;
ſervit me nunc. Quomodo unquam ego
volo capere ad cor, ſed ego faciam opti
malo mercatu. O qualis mundus eſt hic!
ego dicam non plus. Scio quod ſcio; et te
mentem ad meipſum, et ego ſolvam id de
cogitando.

Ego habeo tres libros ſapientum dictor
tranſcriptos pro te in pulchrâ et magnâ n
quos mittam ad te per primam opportunit
ante ut meus Dominus Orrery vadit pro Ar
nam promiſit capere illos cum ſe, et facere
tum pro me cum prælatore.

Corrigo illos libros valde puteus, ut jul
me, ſic id ego ſpero non habebis multum a
nam eſt non rationabile dare tibi multam
ſtiam circum ſarciendo ſtylum. Amica Don
eſt cito ire ad Dublinum, mittam illos cum

Ego habeo non ullos nuncios, ſed quod
temp

* St Catherine's, Lady Mountcaſhel's villa, abo
miles from Dublin.

† When the Provoſt and Fellows of the univer
Dublin meet in council, they call it a Board.

‡ The Doctor's collection of Bon Mots.

tempeſtas eſt valde calida, in ſic tantum, ut omne noſtrum gramen eſt uſtum ſuper, et pecora habent nihil edere. Caremus pluvia valde multum, ſi Deus placeret mittere.—Mitte me verbum quid genus tempeſtatis eſt in Dublino, & ſi placet te mitte ad me rationem tuæ ſanitatis. Da meum humile ſervitium omnibus qui rogant pro me. Ad Dominum Orrery, ad Doctorem Helſham, et cæteris amicorum. Precare cape curam de teipſo, et ſic obligabis tuum humillimum famulum,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Junii die 22.

Unum mille ſeptem centum et triginta ſeptem.
Servitium et amor Dominæ Albæ Vi.

LETTER DCCLII.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is as fit amanto tellus toris aſſi. It is as illi geſto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace: Sum arſo denti i curſum at a venture. Amanto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de ſe nite ſedito a lædi in cum pani offa delatoris, præſit in my lapſu. Dicti camina furiatus, orto præ ventus: His cotis vel vetas fine aſſa hero. Hiſtrix arſo rudi cantabit en durum. His arſis ne ver at atqui et. Cæſi, de vilis in uti fora puppi.

Præ

Præ heris anſer. Surſum denis agrum, agros, aras calli, as auſi, an empti, an das curvi tori. A pacatoris ſat at ſuperbius, ſed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli: I promiſſu as ſuras urina gaudi coti intendit; fori de teſta vi olent parti rogas mi ene mi. As ſuras veni ſonis ſit fora paſti. Ima deni ſe; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, or a caper in fartor. Sed ito an ebur nec ſto miſi de; Ago, arundo formica ne, lætabo beat mi merci. I ſeda punis mi de lite, ora cupa claret; an di cæſo ſore ver. Alludo dic iſto callus aras calido deni it. Dic ſedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para bootes, ora nupera ſues? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri ſcilicet o puppis: Iras cullum tuenti times a de. Dic ſed, i amabo, i ſedi deſtabo, i findit: Cantu curabo? Prædixit an do tellus ſum tales. Cannibal a ſudo? Olet Serapis in ure bootes: Olet hircum. A curru artis apparent. As fine as ure cotis, it is as Græci aſſa candelis; nota ſum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu ſed; Serra dicti, ſenſu arſo rude tomis ter deni ſe, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ ſe Doctor, muſti viſit mi par ſonas i intendit? I definit a tu es de nite nec ſtat his labora tori; an de at mi ſuperaturus.

Itis ab ova forte nite ago ſinceri ritu notis offa define tomus ter almi tori parti at ſuper. Se, muſti bipes forum orne? An eber omine has ſum veri fine ſtipes; I præ ubi ſumto fata porcas i intendat ſum time for a meri Ester, orat Criſta mas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is

ls dicor is mari deflect me tecum in tomi cum
ıi; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina
bellat alpha quarter offa miles diſtans.
ed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno?
ris anſer; O, as feras ab lac a more, aſſuetas
x, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a
ina rodis.
ræbe ſpecus a ſatur de nec ſtat ſuperaturus:
beaturus Tori rori, as meri aſſa piper.
es tore mi in cornu curru ſtola ſatur de.
i diti ſe, an das ſuras agunto, it iſto hamus.
comi tuto nugator inani gelu deſervit. At-
tu me ſufferat a gallus fora robur. It is veri
to paca juri. Cani ſe imas Indis Creta manas
? I cano. Præ ſurdo me juſtis. Sed ito
it quietas alam. Senſu arſo pertica nata ni
ıe triumpho vero prætor; itis notat alto me.
aluit nota quarto vale.
Mi puppi is ſolaminis legas i cantu ſim inani
nt.
eras de lite iſto flatter. Afflat error is redito
a nos inani ars. Sera ſedi, pullus ſum frui-
lætis pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite
Ire alimenta civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis
am. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis
longa timeas ire membra jumento ſume fora-
:: At ipſi rogato poto vale: uno lo nomen
ro at. I meto non eſt at urnæ, a foto mi en
ıi; an di pedit in hiſco in.
Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, I ambicum
ore care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen
fora meri cumpani? Atri forum, prædo.

Finalis

Finalis mi de lite. Obruit as fine aſſis inani citi. Ure caris in ops notabit uſti. Aduncis mi de lite, juſtas a paratis ures; I herúm, I encurage, an di ſecundum in almi follis, fora de orſo.

Tomi ad viſu toris toriſque nota peni inani Hanno veri an intereſt. Arma geſti Caro lina has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera bootes.

Miſer vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio hera peni, I ſum times caſtas ipſi ater. I mis ter at urus.

Siriam,

Satur de at nite. Ures.

LETTER DCCLIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

EVERY ſquire, almoſt to a man, is an oppreſſor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all public works; very proud, and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring ſquires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred rood of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building ſquare, or his garden uniform, (without the leaſt inconveniency to the other), he ſhall be abſolutely refuſed, (as the utmoſt mark of friendſhip); ſhall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the

the value. This they call, praying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality.—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourſelves, we are bound to do it to a perfect ſtranger. The ſquires takes the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as Alexander or Cæſar. For inſtance, the great Conolly——the great Weſely ——the great Damer.

A fellow, whoſe father was a butcher, deſiring a lawyer to be a referee in ſome little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excuſed himſelf in the following manner: Sir, I am your humble ſervant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of your great men: Which I take to be juſt of a piece with Harlequin's ſwearing upon his honour. Jealouſies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring ſquires, and from the ſame motives: The former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The deteſtable tyranny and oppreſſion of landlords are viſible in every part of the kingdom.

LETTER DCCLIV.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *Dublin, June* 14. 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your Lordſhip, dated April 7. which I was not prepared to anſwer until this time. Your Lordſhip muſt needs have known, that the hiſtory you mention of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windſor, juſt upon finiſhing the peace *; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a miſunderſtanding with each other, that was attended with very bad conſequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanry, (after the peace was made), I could not ſtay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to haſten back, and to uſe my endeavours in reconciling thoſe miniſters. I left them the hiſtory you mention, which I had finiſhed at Windſor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldneſs increaſed; I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Maſham's at St James's; my

* The Doctor means only the firſt draught of that hiſtory: For it is certain, that, after the Queen's death, he ſpent a good deal of his time in improving and correcting it to his own taſte and liking; and particularly we find in a letter of the Dean's to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721, that he ſtill employed ſome part of his leiſure in digeſting it into order. *Swift.*

my Lord and Lady Maſham left us together; I expoſtulated with them both; but could not find any good conſequences. I was to go to Windſor next day with my Lord Treaſurer; I pretended buſineſs that prevented me; and ſo I ſent them to Windſor next day, which was Saturday, expecting they would come to ſome ***** †. But I followed them to Windſor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my ſcheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the ſame rate. They grew more eſtranged every day. My Lord Treaſurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the Queen died, I had my laſt meeting with them at my Lord Maſham's. He left us together, and therefore I ſpoke very freely to them both; and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord Bolingbroke whiſpered me, I was in the right. Your father ſaid, all would do well ‡. I told him, that I would go to Oxford on Monday, ſince I found it impoſſible to be of any uſe. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkſhire; there ſtaid till the Queen's death, and then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelve years, and never ſaw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the hiſtory of the four laſt years; and therefore I have kept

† Here is an hiatus of about half a line. The reader's imagination can eaſily fill it up, ſo as to make the ſenſe perfect. *Swift.*

‡ This was a very common expreſſion of my Lord Treaſurer, who was the leaſt apt to deſpond of any miniſter in the world. *Swift.*

it to this time, when I determine to publiſh it in London, to the confuſion of all thoſe *** who have accuſed the Queen and that miniſtry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the Lord Treaſurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the adminiſtration. I had all the letters from the ſecretary's office during the treaty of peace. Out of thoſe, and what I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that hiſtory which I am now going to publiſh, for the information of poſterity, and to controul the moſt impudent falſehoods which have been publiſhed ſince. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and the moſt able that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordſhip hath any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other memorials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; though I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and, to my ſorrow, did not die before I came back to it again.

again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Dutcheſs *. As to the hiſtory, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages poſſible to know, when you were in ſome ſort but a lad. One great deſign of it is, to do juſtice to the miniſtry of that time, and to refute all the objections againſt them, as if they had a deſign of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonſtrate, that the preſent ſettlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to ſee England; I am now too old and ſickly, added to almoſt a perpetual deafneſs and giddineſs, I live a moſt domeſtic life; I want nothing that is neceſſary; but I am in a curſed, factious, oppreſſed miſerable country, not made ſo by nature, but by the ſlaviſh, hellish principles of an execrable, prevailing faction in it. Farewel, my Lord; I have tired you and myſelf. I deſire again to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Oxford, and the Dutcheſs your daughter. Pray God preſerve you long and happy. I ſhall diligently inquire into your conduct, from thoſe who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: Let me hear that you perſevere ſo. Your taſk will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily tired of it already; and ſo ſhould be in England,

* Dutcheſs of Portland.

which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enſlaved country. I am with the trueſt love and reſpect, my Lord, &c.

LETTER DCCLV.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

London, June 23. 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter ſome time ſince by the hands of the bearer Mr Loyd, and by him take the opportunity of anſwering it.

I do aſſure you, Sir, that as the Society have always had the greateſt regard for your recommendation, ſo, in this affair, they have given a freſh inſtance of their reſpect; for they have reſolved to relieve their tenants in Coleraine from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire ſatisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great ſatisfaction to all honeſt men who wiſh well to their country.

Our friend Mr Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with ſeveral things in his way; among the reſt, a tranſlation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned, as ſaving your nation:' which gave great offence;

offence; and I am aſſured, was under debate in the council, whether he ſhould not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they paſſed it by.

I hope you ſee the paper called Common Senſe, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kiſſing your hand this ſummer; but we are all in confuſion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at preſent; but I am in hopes of having that happineſs before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almoſt; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the Hiſtory of his own Time: he is well. You will pleaſe to make my compliments to Lord Orrery and Dr Delany.

I have many things to ſay, which in prudence I muſt defer.

I ſhall conclude, with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preſerve your moſt valuable life for many years, as you are a public bleſſing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to aſſure you that I am, with ſincerity, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate and moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLVI.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *St Mary-Hall, Oxford, June* 24. 1737.

I DO not know for what reaſon the worthy gentlemen of the poſt-office intercepted a letter, which I did myſelf the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I ſaid any thing that could give them the leaſt offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praiſe the royal family; I did not blame the Prime miniſter; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had juſt then received from you. It is true I incloſed in that letter a printed paper called Common Senſe, in which the author propoſes a new ſcheme of of government for the people of Corſica, adviſing to make their king of the ſame ſtuff of which the Indians make their gods *. I thought to afford you ſome diverſion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs Whiteway, in which ſhe tells me that I am to expect the manuſcript by Lord Orrery. I will have the pleaſure to wait on him as ſoon as I can do it without croſſing the Iriſh channel: and as ſoon as I receive the papers, you ſhall hear from me again. I ſhall have an opportunity of writing

* This paper of Common Senſe was written by Dr King himſelf.

writing fully to you by Mr Dean Swift, who propoſes to ſet out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly obſerved his conduct ever ſince I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modeſt, ſober, ingenious, young man. He is an hard ſtudent, and will do honour to the ſociety of which he is now a member.

Mrs Whiteway ſays, that notwithſtanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good ſpirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine ſeaſon, and viſiting our Alma Mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the ſummer, and a warm bed-chamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton-commons ſhall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promiſe to meet you at Cheſter, and to conduct you to King Edward's lodgings: And then St Mary-Hall may boaſt of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir Thomas More, Eraſmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be with the greateſt eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLVII.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *St Mary-Hall, Oxon. June* 24. 1737.

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: However I could not help beſtowing ſome maledictions on thoſe gentlemen of the poſt-office, who have been ſo impertinent as to intercept our correſpondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one incloſed for our friend in ſome few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in anſwer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As ſoon as I hear of my Lord Orrery's arrival on this ſide the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I don't know why the Dean's friends ſhould think it derogatory, either to his ſtation or character, to print the hiſtory by ſubſcription, conſidering how the money ariſing by the ſale of it is to be applied. I am not for ſelling the copy to a bookſeller: For, unleſs a ſufficient caution be taken, the bookſeller, when he is maſter of the copy, will certainly print it by ſubſcription, and ſo have all the benefit which the Dean refuſes. But I ſhall be better able to ſend you

my

ny thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with ſome of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at laſt got ſtore of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and ſilver in exchange for this new coin? This ſerves to verify an obſervation I have frequently made, that the groſſeſt impoſition on the public will go down, if the managers have but patience to try twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The exciſe ſcheme, which made ſuch a noiſe here a few years ago, paſſed here laſt winter with little oppoſition, under a new ſhape and title. How would the ghoſt of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the ſpectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politics, without conſidering that theſe reflections may occaſion the loſs of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper *.

You

* With reſpect to Dr King, he is ſomewhat miſtaken in his politics; for the great force of Dr Swift's reaſoning, in the character of an Iriſh Drapier, was not ſo much levelled againſt a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724) as againſt Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth threepence in a ſhilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given ſecurity for his honeſty, nor obliged himſelf, like other patentees, to give either gold or ſilver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troubleſome. Whereas the halfpence, ſent over to Ireland

You can't imagine how greatly I am vexed and diſappointed, that I have been ſo long obliged to keep back my converſation piece *. I have, in this reſpect, wholly complied with the reaſoning, or rather with the humours of ſome of my friends. They were willing to try their ſkill in accommodating my Iriſh affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be diſappointed as much as I have been: For the adverſaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will bear no reaſon, and do no good, not even to themſelves, if others are at the ſame time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, ſince you ſeem ſo earneſtly to deſire a ſecond view of this work, I will ſend you a book by Mr Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be ſo kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a poſtſcript in your letter to a certain perſon, that muſt be nameleſs,

land in the year 1737, were coined in the Tower, by the expreſs order of the Crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any miſchief; or in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time ſufficiently and thoroughly appriſed, that halfpence were not ſterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatſoever; the only uſe of them being a ſort of change in the ſmall crafts and traffic of the world. However, it is certain that an advertiſement of three lines, by order of Dr Swift, had there been occaſion for it, as there was not, would inſtantly have ſtopt their currency.

* Meaning the Toaſt.

ameleſs, and finding I have but room for my ddreſs to him, I will ſay no more to you now han that I am, and always muſt be, Madam, our moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the poſt-office who intercepted my laſt letter addreſſed to Mrs Whiteway, at her houſe in Abby-ſtreet, together with a letter incloſed and addreſſed to the Dean of St Patrick's.

LETTER DCCLVIII.

SIR,

WHEN you have ſufficiently peruſed this letter, I beg the favour of you to ſend it to ne lady to whom it is directed. I ſhall not take : ill though you ſhould not give yourſelf the rouble to ſeal it again. If any thing I have ſaid bout the copper-halfpence and exciſe ſhould ffend you, blot it out. I ſhall think myſelf much bliged to you, if, at the ſame time, you will be leaſed to ſend Mrs Whiteway thoſe letters which re now in your hands, with ſuch alterations and mendments as you think proper. I cannot beeve that your orders will juſtify you in detaing letters of buſineſs: For, as you are a civil fficer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob n the high-way. If I happen to be miſtaken, f which I ſhall be convinced if this letter ſhould

be likewiſe intercepted, I will hereafter change my addreſs, and enroll you and your ſuperiors in my catalogue of heroes.

LETTER DCCLIX.

ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT *.

London, June 30. 1737.

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wiſh to revive a correſpondence with ſome of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what paſſes in this country: On this occaſion I would offer myſelf with pleaſure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the leaſt contribute to your amuſement; but, as you yourſelf judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and ſee things at too great a diſtance; and, beſides this, my age, and the uſe I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candle-light, have now reduced me almoſt to blindneſs, and I ſee nothing leſs than the pips of the cards, from which I have ſome relief in a long winter evening. However, to ſhew my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to ſcratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him moſt of thoſe he and I uſed to converſe with are dead; but I am ſtill alive,

* There is an anſwer to this letter in Johnſton's collection, No. 69.

alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Maſham is much in the ſame way: He has married his ſon, and boards with him: The lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together: The old gentleman walks a-foot, which makes me fear that he has made ſettlements above his ſtrength. I regret the loſs of Dr Arbuthnott every hour of the day: He was the beſt-conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the moſt chearful; yet his poor ſon George is under the utmoſt dejection of ſpirits, almoſt to a degree of a delirium; his two ſiſters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the firſt figure in parliament, and is one of the moſt amiable men in the world: He is very happy in his wife, Lady Blandford; but I fear his eldeſt ſon will not come into his meaſures: This may create him ſome uneaſineſs.

Lord Bathurſt is in Gloceſterſhire, where he plants, tranſplants, and unplants: Thus he erects an employment for himſelf independent of a court.

I have the happineſs to live near Lord Oxford, who continues that kindneſs and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to ſupport the numerous family of his ſiſter, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man. Lord K——; now I name him, I mean Lord Oxford. Let me aſk you if it be true that you are going to print a Hiſtory of the four laſt years

of the Queen; if it is, won't you let me ſee it before you ſend it to the preſs? Is it not poſſible that I may ſuggeſt ſome things that you may have omitted, and give you reaſons for leaving out others? The ſcene is changed ſince that period of time; The conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by moſt part of mankind, even in the Two Houſes of parliament: Should not matters reſt here, at leaſt for ſome time? I preſume your great end is to do juſtice to truth; the ſecond point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: Permit me to ſay, as to the firſt, that though you know perhaps more than any one man, I may poſſibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inſerting *parva* inſtead of *magna*, apply to myſelf that paſſage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui*. As to the ſecond point, I do not conceive your compliment to Lord Oxford to be ſo perfect as it might be, unleſs you lay the manuſcript before him, that it may be conſidered here.

Our little captain bluſters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing; for the firſt miniſter ſtands poſſeſſed of all the regal power: The latter prates well in the houſe, and, by corruption, is abſolute maſter of it: As to other matters, his foreign treaties are abſurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of ſkill: He has a low way of thinking. My dear Dean adieu: Believe me to be, what I really am, moſt affectionately your's.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLX.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-ſtreet, July 4. 1737.

GOOD MR DEAN,

YOUR letter of June 14. * in anſwer to mine of the 7. of April, is come to my hands; and it is with no ſmall concern that I have read it, and to find that you ſeem to have formed a reſolution to put the Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of the Queen to the preſs; a reſolution taken without giving your friends, and thoſe that are greatly concerned, ſome notice, or ſuffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to conſider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be ſo good as to let ſome friends ſee them before they are put to the preſs; and, as you propoſe to have the work printed here, it will be eaſy to give directions to whom you will pleaſe to give the liberty of ſeeing them; I beg I may be one; this requeſt I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will perſuade you to publiſh it; but they are not proper judges: Their reaſons may be of different kinds, and their motives to preſs

* This letter was printed by Johnſton in the year 1765, No. 68.

on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely ſenſible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now renew my requeſt, that you would at leaſt defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the hiſtory to read when you were in England ſince my father died; I do remember it well. I would aſk your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am ſo nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmoſt to prevent it, I ſhould never forgive myſelf.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife deſires your acceptance of her moſt humble ſervice; my daughter deſires the ſame: They both are ſenſible of your good wiſhes for them. I am, with true eſteem and reſpect, dear Sir, your obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

LETTER DCCLXI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I SENT a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I received as yet no anſwer; but it will be

me enough when his Lordſhip goes over, ı will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; hen he will take with him "all the letters eſerved of your's, which are not above twen- five. I find there is a great chaſm of ſome rs, but the dates are more early than my) laſt journeys to England; which makes imagine, that in one of thoſe journeys I ried over another cargo." But I cannot my memory half an hour; and my diſor- of deafneſs and giddineſs increaſe daily. at I am declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſ- for me, if I were a dozen years older.

e have had your volume of letters, which, told, are to be printed here. Some of thoſe, ighly eſteem you, and a few who know you nally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinc- etween the Engliſh gentry of this kingdom, ne ſavage old Iriſh, (who are only the vulgar, ome gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of ingdom): But the Engliſh colonies, who are parts in four, are much more civilized than counties in England, and ſpeak better Eng- nd are much better bred. And they think y hard, that an American, who is of the generation from England, ſhould be allowed ſerve that title, only becauſe we have been by ſome of them, that their names are en- in ſome pariſh in London. I have three ır couſins here, who were born in Portugal, e parents took the ſame care, and they are them Londoners. Dr Delany, who, as I take

take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your letters. He will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates; but will aſſert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other northern ſhires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt ſyſtem that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their follies and vices. It is ſome recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for ſlavery, corruption, atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. —I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by theſe ſcribblers, who ſend us over their traſh in proſe and verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint moderniſms. —— I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health. I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery ſee you often:

next to yourſelf, I love no man ſo well; and him what I ſay, if he viſits you. I have now e; for it is evening, and my head grows ſe. May God always protect you, and pre- e you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue. arewel my deareſt and almoſt only conſtant id. I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, ho- r, and affection to you, what I hope you ex- me to be,

Yours, &c.

LETTER DCCLXII.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *July* 23. 1737.

I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what they ſay of you, it would take up more r than I have in my lodgings, and more : than I ſtay in town. Yet London is empty; duſty, for we have had rain; not dull, for Pope is in it; not noiſy, for we have no *; not troubleſome, for a man may walk tly about the ſtreets: In ſhort, 'tis juſt as uld have it till Monday, and then I quit St l's, for my little church at Marſton.

our commands are obeyed long ago. Dr g has his cargo, Mrs Barber her converſation, Mr Pope his letters. To-morrow I paſs with at Twickenham: The *olim meminiſſe* will be our

* Alluding to the Iriſh cars.

our feaſt. Leave Dublin and come to us. Methinks there are many ſtronger reaſons for it than heretofore; at leaſt I feel 'em: And I'll ſay with Macbeath, Would thou could'ſt!

My health is greatly mended; ſo, I hope, is your's: Write to me when you can, in your beſt health, and utmoſt leiſure; never break through that rule. Can friendſhip increaſe by abſence? Surely it does; at leaſt mine riſes ſome degrees, or ſeems to riſe: Try if it will fall by coming nearer: No, certainly it cannot be higher. Your's moſt affectionately.

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCLXIII.

TO ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ.; *

DEAR FRIEND, *July* 23. 1737.

WHILE any of thoſe who uſed to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But ſince your ſecretaryſhip in the Queen's time, I believed you were ſo glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an abſent uſeleſs acquaintance: And I find I owe your's to my Lord Oxford. The hiſtory you mention was written above a year before the Queen's death. I left it with the treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke, when I firſt came over to take this deanry. I returned in leſs than a month, but

* Formerly private ſecretary to the Earl of Oxford.

but the miniſtry could not agree about the printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I ſtaid in London above nine months; but not being able to reconcile the quarrels between thoſe two, I went to a friend in Berkſhire, and, on the Queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that hiſtory as this Lord Oxford did, as he owns in his two letters, the laſt of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the Queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were univerſally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cauſe of my writing was, not to let ſuch a Queen and miniſtry lie under ſuch a load of infamy, or poſterity be ſo ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his miniſtry; which is ſo drawn, that his greateſt admirers will rather cenſure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourſelf who could give me more light than what I then received: For I remember I often conſulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to Lord Oxford or to you; for the perſon who hath it will not truſt it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps

haps that may be too late *. If my health would have permitted me, for ſome years paſt, to have ventured as far as London, I would have ſatisfied both my Lord and you. I believe you know that Lord Bolingbroke is now buſy in France, to write the Hiſtory of his own Time, and how much he grew to hate the treaſurer you know too well; and I know how much Lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is what the preſent Lord

* As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr Swift had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify ſome of his acquaintance, called for the Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of the Queen's reign once or twice out of his friend's hand, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents of it were whiſpered about the town, and ſeveral had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never ſeen one line of it. And this cauſed it to be apprehended, that, if the Dean ſhould frequently lend the hiſtory, a copy of it might be taken ſome time or other. Whereupon Mrs Whiteway, the next time the Dean put the original into her hands, told him plainly, that if ſhe ever again ſhould take the charge of that manuſcript, he ſhould never lend it again to any man alive; and that if he ſhould, at any time hereafter, call for it again, and inſiſt upon having it in his own poſſeſſion, ſhe would never take the charge of it more; and accordingly ſhe took it upon theſe conditions, and has faithfully kept it from that day to this: The hiſtory which is now abroad having been printed from a ſpurious manuſcript, taken as it is ſuppoſed, from a copy of the original which had been ſent to England, by the late Earl of Corke and Orrery, for the Dean's friends to peruſe. Mr Nugent, the preſent repreſentative in parliament for the city of Briſtol, who read the original in Mrs Whiteway's parlour in the year 1739, can, if he pleaſes, vouch the authenticity of this fact, as he could not have the pleaſure of reading that hiſtory (which the Dean was deſirous enough to lend him) at his own lodgings.

Lord Oxford ſhould be in moſt pain at, not about me. I have had my ſhare of affliction ſufficient, in the loſs of Dr Arbuthnot, and poor Gay, and others; and I heartily pity poor Lord Maſham. I would fain know whether his ſon be a valuable young man; becauſe I much diſliked his education. When I was laſt among you, Sir William Wyndham was in a bad ſtate of health: I always loved him, and rejoiced to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know ſo little of what paſſeth, that I never heard of Lady Blandford, his preſent wife.

Lord Bath uſed to write to me, but hath dropped it ſome years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive? For he hath dropped me too: or perhaps my illneſs hath hindred me from provoking his remembrance: For I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafneſs, which uſed to be occaſional, and for a ſhort time, hath ſtuck by me now ſeveral months without remiſſion; ſo that I am unfit for any converſation, except one or two Stentors of either ſex, and my old giddineſs is likewiſe become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former ſhort fits.

I was never ſo much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable Lord K * * * *, whom I loved extremely, and now deteſt beyond expreſſion.

You ſay ſo little of yourſelf, that I know not whether you are in health or ſicklineſs, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a ſign of health. I find you have not, like me, loſt your memory; nor I hope your

ſenſe of hearing, which is the greateſt loſs of any, and more comfortleſs than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuſeth me, for I cannot think. I dine conſtantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave houſe-keeper, whom I call Sir Robert, and ſometimes receive one or two friends and a female couſin, with ſtrong high tenor voices. I am, &c.

LETTER DCCLXIV.

THOMAS FARREN, ESQ; MAYOR OF CORK, TO DR SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, *Cork, Sept.* 14. 1737.

I AM favoured with your's by Mr Faulkner, and am ſorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, ſhould be ſo much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the recorder, to be preſented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expreſſed their grateful acknowledgments for the many ſervices the public has received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens: and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needleſs to make any inſcription on the box, and eſpecially as we have no precidents on our books for any ſuch. But, as ſo great and deſerving a patriot

patriot merits all diſtinction that can be made, I have, by the conſent and approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope what is inſcribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is intitled to, will however demonſtrate the great regard and reſpect we have for you, on account of the many ſingular ſervices your pen and your counſel have done this poor country: And am, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS FARREN, Mayor.

LETTER DCCLXV.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR MR DEAN, *Cirenceſter, Oct.* 5. 1737.

THAT I often think of you is moſt certain, but if I ſhould write to you as often, you would think me extremely troubleſome. I was alarmed ſome time ago with hearing that you were much indiſpoſed: But, if latter accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I ſhould be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: However, I write to you now under that ſuppoſition, for which reaſon I have cut out a little buſineſs for you.

That very pretty epiſtle which you writ many years ago to Lord Oxford, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I ſend you

a tranſcript) which has ſome very good lines in it, that are not in the printed copy; and, beſides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left-off without going through with the epiſtle. The fable of the country and city mouſe is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: Poſſibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finiſhed the whole; if not, I enjoin you, as a taſk, to go through with it: And, I beg of you, do not ſuffer an imperfect copy to ſtand, whilſt it is in your power to rectify it *. Adieu! and do me the juſtice to believe me, moſt faithfully, and unalterably, your's.

LETTER DCCLXVI.

LORD M——Y * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Nov.* 17. 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleaſure, bring in your petition to-morrow, the Houſe of Lords not ſitting until then; but I find there is a ſmall miſtake in point of form, which will be proper to be ſet right before the petition ſhall be preſented.

You

* On the back of the original letter, Dr Swift hath obſerved, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the ſixth ſatire of the ſecond book of Horace, and is printed, with the additional lines, in Pope's works, Vol. VI. Dr Warburton's edition.

* Now E——of B——n.

You mention the bill as if it would certainly paſs, and be tranſmitted into England; inſtead of which, I muſt beg the favour of you to ſay, that there are heads of a bill depending now before your Lordſhips committee, in order to prevent, &c. &c. for until ſuch time as it ſhall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

I ſhould not be ſo impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progreſs the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my ſervant ſhall wait to bring it to me, and I ſhall take care, as ſoon as the petition is received, to have a clauſe ready, in purſuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

M———Y.

LETTER DCCLXVII.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 22. 1737.

I CAN'T help putting you in mind of me ſometimes, though I am ſure of having no return. I often read your name in the news-papers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to ſee Lord Orrery. He told me the laſt time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publiſh two volumes more of your works. I ſee no reaſon why all the pamphlets publiſhed at the end of the Queen's reign might not be inſerted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. Killing, no murder, and many other old tracts, are ſtill read with pleaſure, not to mention Tull's letters, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will ſome time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and poſterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great houſe, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an inſupportable noiſe, and have taken a little one to myſelf in a little court, merely for the ſake of ſleeping in quiet. It is in St James's place, and called Little Cleveland-court. I believe you never obſerved it; for I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to ſee the houſe I had taken. Though coaches come in, it conſiſts of about ſix houſes in all. Mine is but two ſtories high, contrived exactly as I would wiſh, as I ſeldom eat at home. The ground-floor is of ſmall uſe to me; for the fore-parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous cuſtom of tacking a cloſet almoſt of the ſame bigneſs to it, is ſo dark, that I can hardly ſee to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of ſtairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the ſecond floor is divided in two, and makes room for the whole family,

mily, a man and a maid, both at board-wages. Over my bed-chamber is my ſtudy, the pleaſanteſt part of the houſe, from whence you have a full view of Buckingham-houſe, and all that part of the Park. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapeſt things I could find out. The moſt valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am ſtill in great hopes I ſhall one day have the happineſs of ſeeing you in it.

Every body agrees the Queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which ſhe would not diſcover; and the ſurgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days ſooner, ſhe ſhould have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her diſtemper, they gave her ſtrong cordials for the gout in her ſtomach, which did her great miſchief. The King is ſaid to have given her the firſt account of her condition: She bore it with great reſolution, and immediately ſent for the reſt of her children, to take formal leave of them, but abſolutely refuſed to ſee the Prince of Wales; nor could the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, when he gave her the ſacrament, prevail on her, though ſhe ſaid, ſhe heartily forgave the Prince. It is thought her death will be a loſs, at leaſt in point of eaſe, to ſome of the miniſters.

Since Lewis has loſt his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the ſame life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and ſees nobody.

It

It was reported, and is ſtill believed by many, that Sir Robert Walpole, upon the loſs of his, made Miſs Skirret an honeſt woman; but if it be ſo, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happineſs, ſee many 30th of Novembers, is the moſt ſincere and hearty wiſh of your's, *&c.*

If you will be ſo kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa-tree, or to Little Cleveland-court in St James's Place.

LETTER DCCLXVIII.

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *At Paris, Nov.* 29. 1737.

I RECEIVED only ſome weeks ago the works you were pleaſed to ſend me, and have peruſed them with a new pleaſure. I ſtill find in them all the marks of that original genius and univerſal beneficence which compoſe your character. I cannot ſend you, in return, any ſuch valuable compoſitions of mine; but you will receive, by the firſt ſhips that go for Ireland, my hiſtory of the mareſchal de Turenne, the greateſt French hero that ever was. I ſhall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect, veneration, and

and friendſhip, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A ſon Alteſſe Monſeigneur le Compte d' Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

LETTER DCCLXIX.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *December 6.* 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirenceſter, full of life and ſpirit, which gave me ſingular ſatisfaction: But thoſe complaints you make of the deplorable ſtate of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; poſſibly the only difference is, that we ſhall be the laſt devoured *. I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new ſcheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a ſmall farm-houſe in Derbyſhire, and my chief buſineſs is to take care that my agents do not impoſe upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that

* The promiſe of Polypheme to Ulyſſes.

that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honeſt fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I ſhall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the Duke of Kingſton has imported one *; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I paſſed through London in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were ſo full of ſpeculations upon the great event which lately happened †; but I am of opinion ſome time will be neceſſary to produce any conſequences. Some conſequences will certainly follow; but time muſt ripen matters for them. I could ſend you many ſpeculations of my own and others upon this ſubject; but it is too nice a ſubject for me to handle in a poſt-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuſe their ſuperiors: If a man has ſo much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his ſide, he is often ſafe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuſe ſtick cloſe, he is ſtill ſafer. You may ſay, Where is the occaſion of abuſing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of perſons, who would rather you had abuſed them in the groſſeſt manner.

I may ſay in parliament, that we are impoveriſhed at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, becauſe nobody will care to call upon me to prove it;

* 'Madame la Touche a French Lady,

† 'The death of Queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, 20th Nov. 1737.'

it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at leaſt in a letter to a diſaffected perſon; ſuch you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death perhaps you may ſtand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend Pope in town: He is as ſure to be there in a buſtle, as a porpus in a ſtorm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found by your laſt, that your hand and your head are both in ſo good a condition; let me hear from you ſometimes. And do not be diſcouraged that I ſend you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with nobody, for ſome time paſt, but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again, I may poſſibly be leſs inſipid; but in whatever condition I am, I ſhall always be moſt ambitious of your friendſhip, and moſt deſirous of your eſteem, being moſt faithfully and ſincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER DCCLXX.

DR SWIFT TO DR CLANCY.

SIR, *Deanry-houſe, Chriſtmas-day*, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy *, which I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, and with much pleaſure, on account

* The Sharper, the principal character of which performance was deſigned to repreſent Colonel Chartres.

account both of the characters and the mor
have no intereſt with the people of the
houſe, elſe I ſhould gladly recommend it to t
I ſend you a ſmall preſent*, in ſuch gold as
not give you trouble to change; for I much
your loſs of ſight †, which, if it pleaſed G
let you enjoy, your other talents might
been your honeſt ſupport, and have eaſed y
your preſent confinement. I am, Sir, your
wiſhing friend and humble ſervant,

JONATH. SW

I know not who lent me the play: If it
from you, I will ſend it back to-morrow.

LETTER DCCLXXI.

LADY HOWTH TO D SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *December* 26. 1

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have
a couple of wild ducks, a couple of
tridge, a ſide of veniſon, and ſome plover, w

* This pacquet contained five pounds in ſmall
of gold of different kinds, of which the largeſt di
exceed the value of five ſhillings. A little time
(ſaith Dr Clancy) I ſent him a parcel of tickets: H
but one, which he ſaid he had paid for, and after
ſent me two four pound pieces for more. Vid. Cl
Memoir's, Vol. II. p. 56.

† Dr Clancy had purſued the ſtudy of phyſic, an
patronized by Dr Helſham; but having loſt his fig
fore he could regularly engage in the buſineſs of hi
ſeſſion, he kept a Latin ſchool for his ſupport. H
been dead ſome years.

will help to keep your houſe this Chriſtmas. You may make a miſer's feaſt; and drink your blue-eyed Nymph in a bumper, as we do the Drapier; and when theſe are out, let me know, and you ſhall have a freſh ſupply. I have ſent them by a black-guard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and huſband joins with me in wiſhing you a merry Chriſtmas, and many of them; and am ſincerely your affectionate friend and Sea-nymph.

If I ſigned my name, and the letter ſhould be found, you and I might be ſuſpected.

LETTER DCCLXXII.

DR CLANCY TO DR SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR, *Dec.* 27. 1737.

WHEN I ſtrive to expreſs the thorough ſenſe I have of your humanity and goodneſs, my attempt ceaſes admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with ſome degree of approbation, and you have conſidered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: From my very ſoul I ſincerely thank you. That approbation, which, in ſome more happy periods of my life, would have made me proud even to vanity, has now, in my diſtreſs, comforted and ſoothed my miſery.

If I did not fear being troubleſome, I ſhould

do myſelf the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleaſed to permit me to do ſo. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmoſt reſpect and gratitude, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

MIC. CLANCY.

LETTER DCCLXXIII.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

MADAM, *January* 28. 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correſpondence by letting you know that your uncle is the moſt unreaſonable perſon I was ever acquainted with; and next to him you are worſe than he. I never had the honour and happineſs of ſeeing you, nor can ever expect it, unleſs you make the firſt advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's ſteps, by maliciouſly bribing a uſeleſs man, who can never have it in his power to ſerve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendſhip with Alderman Barber, who is governor of the London-ſociety about your parts; whereupon Mr Richardſon came to the deanry; although it was not in my power to do him the leaſt good office further than writing to the Alderman. However, your uncle came to me ſeveral times; and I believe, after ſeveral invitations,

tions, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breaſt, and you ſhall hear how he gratified it. Firſt, he was told that my ill ſtomach, and a giddineſs I was ſubject to, forced me, in ſome of thoſe fits, to take a ſpoonful of uſequebaugh: He diſcovered where I bought it, and ſent me a dozen bottles, which coſt him three pounds. He next was told, that, as I never drank malt-liquors, ſo I was not able to drink Dublin-claret without mixing it with a little ſweet Spaniſh wine: He found out the merchant with whom I deal by the treachery of my butler, and ſent to me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid ſix pounds. But what can I ſay of a man, who, ſome years before I ever ſaw him, was loading me every ſeaſon with ſalmons, that ſurfeited myſelf and all my viſitors? Whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myſelf. At laſt, to complete his ill deſigns, he muſt needs force his niece into the plot; becauſe it can be proved, that you are his prime miniſter, and ſo ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and ſeconder in miſchief, by ſending me half a dozen of ſhirts, although I never once gave you the leaſt cauſe of diſpleaſure. And, what is yet worſe, the few ladies that come to the deanry aſſure me, they never ſaw ſo fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happineſs they were not ſtockings, for then you

would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, Madam, I muſt deal ſo plain, as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to ſuch a degree, that if my health and a good ſummer can put it in my power to travel to Summerſeat, I muſt take that journey on purpoſe to expoſtulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have ſeen ſome perſons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never ſending them any ſuch dangerous preſents? For they ſwore to me that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, ſuch as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent converſation, and even good houſewifery; which laſt is ſeldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take ſo ill your manner of treating me, that I ſhall not believe one ſyllable of what they ſaid, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much leſs dare to write, for fear (as their expreſſion is) of being expoſed. So that when I ſee any of your ſex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and aſk pardon. And therefore, becauſe princes are ſaid to have long hands, I wiſh I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this diſtance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cauſe to change, in any ſingle article,

article, the opinion and idea I have of your perſon and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your uncle and your neighbours round, who deſerve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to diſtinguiſh you. I am, with great reſpect and the higheſt eſteem,

MADAM,

your moſt obedient and
moſt obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER DCCLXXIV.

EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS WHITEWAY.

Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, Feb. 14. 1737-8.

MADAM,

I MUST anſwer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the ſeas, or the poſtmaſters, are in poſſeſſion of the manuſcript. Should it fall into Curll's hand, it may come into print, and then I muſt anſwer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and ſervant.

I agree intirely with the perſon who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and ſilver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, ſenſe, and virtue. I wiſh we had him here to puniſh him for his various offences, particu-

larly for his abhorrence of the dear dear faſhions of this polite age. Pray, Madam, ſend him, and you will hear what a ſimple figure he will make among the great men of our iſland, who are every day improving themſelves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a moſt obedient humble ſervant.

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCLXXV

THE CHEVALIER RAMSY TO DR. SWIFT.

At Paris, Feb. 20. 1738.

I SEND you here incloſed the bill of loading for the ſmall box of books I wrote of to you ſome time ago. I ſhall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the peruſal pleaſed you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great reſpect, Reverend Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER

LETTER DCCLXXVI.

MISS RICHARDSON TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Summerſeat, Feb.* 23. 1737-8.

I WAS favoured ſome time ago with your moſt obliging letter *, wherein you were pleaſed to ſay ſo many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loſs how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done. The commendations you are ſo good as to beſtow upon me, would make my vanity inſufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conſcious that I do not deſerve them; and although I ſhall always account it a great unhappineſs to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I ſincerely own myſelf indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myſelf by the uſeful inſtructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my ſex in general (although I believe ſome of them do not think ſo) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleaſed to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been ſo kind as to take pains to make perſons, unacquainted with me, think better of me than afterwards they found I deſerved. I have great reaſon to complain of his

* Vid. Johnſon's Collection, No. 70.

his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with ſo much kindneſs from him, that I muſt think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a viſit at *Summerſeat*, where all the ſkill I have in houſekeeping ſhould be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be moſt pleaſing to you, which I know is the moſt agreeable ſervice I could do for him. You are pleaſed to wiſh in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happineſs would I eſteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? but I fear you would find my faults ſo numerous, that you would think me one of thoſe ladies that do not deſerve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greateſt pleaſure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a moſt ſenſible concern, as they ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will ſet you right, and that the ſummer will induce you to viſit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reaſon to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me: I will forbear to be longer troubleſome to you, only I beg leave to add my beſt wiſhes for your good health, that you may live many years to

be

be a bleſſing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the higheſt eſteem, and greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER DCCLXXVII.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND.

London, March 13. 1738.

IT was with great pleaſure I received your's of the 9th of March, with the ſtate of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our news-papers take the privilege of killing all perſons they do not like as often as they pleaſe. I have had the honour to be decently interred about ſix times in their weekly memoirs, which I always read with great ſatisfaction.

I am very well ſatisfied with your character of Mr Dunkin, and deſire that he would immediately draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, *&c.* which petition I deſire that you only would under-write, with your recommendation, and a character of him; which you will pleaſe to ſend to me, to be made uſe of at my diſcretion. He need not come over, but inform

form me, as ſoon as poſſible, of Dr Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to Lord and Lady Oxford, who are both well, and rejoice to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His Lordſhip is very well pleaſed with your preſent of the medals, and deſires you would ſend them by the firſt ſafe hand that comes over. Is it not ſhocking that that Noble Lord, who has no vices (except buying manuſcripts, and curioſities may be called ſo) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is ſelling a great part of his eſtate to pay his debts? and that eſtate of his produces near 20,000l. a-year. I ſay, is it not ſhocking? But indeed moſt of our nobility with great eſtates are in the ſame way. My Lord Burlington is now ſelling, in one article, 9000l. a-year in Ireland, for 200,000l. which won't pay his debts.

Dr Mead is proud of your compliments, and returns his thanks and ſervice.

Mr Lewis I have not ſeen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr Ford, I am told, is the moſt regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall——to the Cocoa——to the tavern——to bed is his conſtant courſe.

Theſe cold winds of late have affected me, but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though I thank God, I am

am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other bleſſings I enjoy, I am of a chearful diſpoſition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the ſpring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I ſhall have the pleaſure to hear ſo from your own hand.

You will pleaſe to obſerve that I am proud of every occaſion of ſhewing my gratitude to you, Sir, to whom I muſt ever own the greateſt obligations.

Pray God bliſs you and preſerve you, and believe me always, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER DCCLXXVIII.

DR KING TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.; *.

SIR, *St Mary-hall, Oxon, March* 15. 1737-8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yeſterday. It was ſent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot ſee you before you go to Ireland, becauſe I intended to have ſent by you a pacquet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from

* Then at Monmouth.

from me. I have written two letters for him (both incloſed to Mrs Whiteway) ſince I received the manuſcript from Lord Orrery I wrote again to Mrs Whiteway, when I was laſt week in London, to acquaint her that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the poſt have been intercepted, ſince they wholly related to the publication of——*, which, I am aſſured, is a matter by no means agreeable to ſome of our great men, nor indeed to ſome of the Dean's particular friends in London. In ſhort, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's anſwer to ſatisfy the objections which have been made by ſome of his friends. I have likewiſe a particular reaſon of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I muſt beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the Toaſt, at leaſt to ſhew it to nobody in Ireland; for as I am upon the point of accommodating my ſuit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be Sir, your moſt affectionate and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER

* Dr Swift's Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of Queen Anne.

Notwithſtanding your letter, I am ſtill in ſome hopes of ſeeing you before you go for Ireland.

LETTER DCCLXXIX.

ALEXANDER M'AULAY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *April* 13. 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely ſorry to find you meet with any thing that affects or perplexes you. I hope I ſhall never be guilty of ſuch black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greateſt eſteem and gratitude, Rev. Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

LETTER DCCLXXX.

DR KING TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ;

St Mary-Hall, Oxon, April 25. 1738.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE juſt received your letter by Mr Birſ, for which I thank you. 'Tis now more than a month ſince I wrote to Mrs Whiteway,

to acquaint the Dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his hiſtory, and to deſire his advice and directions in what manner I ſhould proceed. I have not yet had any anſwer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which caſe I may trouble you with a pacquet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimſies (as you call them) when I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you here again. I heartily wiſh you a good journey and voyage: But methinks I can hardly excuſe you for having been ſo long abſent from us. I wiſh you had returned to this place, though for one week; becauſe I might have talked over with you all the affair of the hiſtory, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, ſince the Dean has continually expreſſed his diſſatisfaction that I have ſo long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: On the contrary, I have conſulted the Dean's honour, and the ſafety of his perſon. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publiſher, author, and every one concerned, in the greateſt difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be abſolutely neceſſary to omit ſome of the characters.

I thank you for the promiſe you make me concerning the Toaſt.

Your

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER DCCLXXXI.

MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Belturbet, May* 6. 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter laſt poſt. I was deprived of having that pleaſure ſooner by removing from Summerſeat to this place the beginning of laſt month, where I was ſent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill theſe three months paſt. My ſiſter, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying-in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at preſent, which I fear will prevent my having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I moſt humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wiſh it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful ſenſe I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of St Patrick's is very well: It would have given me infinite pleaſure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he propoſed to make but a ſhort ſtay in England at this time; and at his return he intended to leave nothing

undone that he could think of to prevail with the Dean and you to ſpend ſome time at his houſe this ſummer. I hope you will be ſo good as to give him all the aſſiſtance you can to perſuade the Dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great ſervice as to his health: I pleaſe myſelf greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, who I believe to be a very accompliſhed young lady, having had the happineſs to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be aſſured that I am, with great reſpect, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER DCCLXXXII.

LORD ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *June* 13. 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and ſend you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs Whiteway or not.

To ſhew you what a generous rival I am, (now I am ſure of the lady), I ſhould be glad to carry down a letter from you to my miſtreſs on Friday. She never drinks any wine; but ſhe told me the other day, to do you good, ſhe would drink a bottle. I wiſh you would inſiſt on it, that I might

might ſee whether wine would alter the ſweetneſs of her temper, for I am ſure nothing elſe can.

I rejoice to find there is ſome little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increaſe it.

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCLXXXIII.

LORD ORRERY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *June* 29. 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea eſt Lavinia conjux.* To-morrow Mrs Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to ſee the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered ſquires, and aukward beaux, join with the Dean of St Patrick's in the loſs of one and the ſame object? My happineſs is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to ſee grief for this loſs ſtrongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCLXXXIV.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

London, July 2. 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred anſwering the favours of your's of the 9th and 31ſt of March, in hopes to have ſomething to entertain you with, and I have ſucceeded in my wiſhes; for I am ſure I give you great pleaſure when I tell you the incloſed I received from the hands of my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope, your deareſt friends. My Lord has been here a few days, and is come to ſell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the Hiſtory of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at, (though I am not likely to live to ſee it publiſhed), becauſe ſo able a hand can do nothing but what muſt be inſtructive and entertaining to the next generation. His Lordſhip is fat and fair, in high ſpirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our preſent unhappy ſituation. Mr Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; ſo well, that he throws out a twelve-penny touch in a week or ten days, with as much eaſe as a friend of ours formerly uſed to roaſt the enemies to their country.

The report of the Duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His Grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handſome manner, and

and has Mr Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who eſcaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of your's and mine paſſed through Avignon about a month ſince, and dined with his Grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr Squire's departure: I believe I may ſay that matter is ſecured for Mr Dunkin.

I have ſeen Lord and Lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is ſelling Wimple, to pay off a debt of 100,000 l. That a man, without any vice, ſhould run out ſuch a ſum, is monſtrous. It muſt be owing to the roguery of his ſtewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurſt is heartily your's; ſo is Mr Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) ſince the loſs of his wife.

I do not ſee Lord —— in an age: his ſon is married, and proves bad enough; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the ſame way, as conſtant as the ſun, from the Cocoa-tree to the Park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the hiſtorical way, to obey your ſeveral commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I ſhall have the great pleaſure of ſeeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for

for my aſthma ſticks cloſe by me, but leſs gout than formerly; ſo that though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and I impute my being ſo much better to my drinking conſtantly the aſſes milk, which is the beſt ſpecific we have. I wiſh to God you would try it, I am ſure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little ſleep, and often a ſmall breathing or ſweat.

If Mr Richardſon has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendſhip to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An Alderman of Derry came from thence on purpoſe to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four of our ſociety againſt him: and the cry has been againſt him for two or three years paſt, and I had no way to ſave him many times, but only by ſaying, that while I had the honour to preſide in that chair, I would preſerve the great privelige every Engliſhman had, of being heard before he was condemned: And I never put any queſtion againſt him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came; and, after a long and tedious hearing of both ſides, the ſociety were of opinion, that he had acted juſtly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politics; I have left them off a long while; only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in

in Germany has put the —— in good humour they ſay.

I ſhall trouble you no more at preſent, but to aſſure you I never think of you but with the utmoſt pleaſure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the preſent and ſucceeding ages.

I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER DCCLXXXV.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

July 25. 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the Dean of St Patrick's becoming indifferent towards me; and yet I fear one of thoſe few things is the cauſe I have not had a line from you ſince I came hither. I beſeech you eaſe me of my preſent pain, by telling me that you are well; that ſummer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the leaſt inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My hurry here is almoſt over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October,

tober, if I get away then. I cannot ſay I paſs my time diſagreeably. I have had ſome opportunities of doing good offices, and, when I am not engaged by buſineſs, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and, for the moſt part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at preſent with Mr Pope. I am told he has ſold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promiſed me to write to you by the next poſt, tells me his Lordſhip inquired much about you and your health. The Alderman plays his cards ſo as that his credit in the city daily increaſes. There is nothing but the vacancy wanting to put Mr Dunkin in poſſeſſion of the pariſh of Coleraine.

I hear you have ſeen Pope's fifth Dialogue, 1738. Have you ſeen his Univerſal Prayer? This ſecond Dialogue, together with a copy of the inſcription intended by the old Dutcheſs of Marlborough for a ſtatue ſhe is to erect of Queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to Lord Cheſterfield, on another ſubject, wait on you incloſed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This pacquet goes franked by the ſecretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime ſerjeant * here this night, in his way to France.

LETTER DCCLXXXVI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Aug.* 8. 1738.

I HAVE your's of July 25; and firſt, I deſire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and ſunk by public as well as perſonal vexations. I have entirely loſt my memory, incapable of converſation by a cruel deafneſs, which has laſted almoſt a year, and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to increaſe your compaſſion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuſe for my not being regular in my letters to you, and ſome few other friends. I have an ill name in the poſt-office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addreſſed to me not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, and then ſealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my eſteem. I deſire you will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperior univerſal genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his foreſt abroad.

* Singleton.

broad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then deſcended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore: And it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond Dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St James's, (I mean the court excluſive).

"I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter "you have favoured me with theſe twenty years "and more, are ſealed up in bundles, and de- "livered to Mrs W——, a very worthy, ration- "al, and judicious couſin of mine, and the only "relation whoſe viſits I can ſuffer. All theſe "letters ſhe is directed to ſend ſafely to you, "upon my deceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the north. She is a perſon of very good underſtanding, as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the laſt page of your's.

MY DEAR LORD,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the

the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip, than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great miniſter of ſtate: And yet I love you ſtill more for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your hiſtory, and am vain enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueezed in among the few ſubalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*. If not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt patron; and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, *&c.*

P. S. I will here, in a poſtſcript, correct (if it be poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I ſhewed my couſin the above letter; and ſhe aſſures me, that a great collection of your* letters to me, my you, are put and ſealed, and in ſome very ſafe hand †.

* It is written juſt thus in the original. The book that is now printed, ſeems to be part of the collection here ſpoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr Pope, but of Dr Swift, both to him and Mr Gay, which were returned him after Mr Gay's death: Though any mention made by Mr Pope of the return or exchange of letters, has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſſed in the publication, and only appears by ſome of the anſwers.

† See Lord Orrery's letter in the next page.

I am, my moſt dear and honoured friend, entirely your's,

J. SWIFT.

It is now Aug. 24. 1738.

† THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR POPE.

SIR,

I AM more and more convinced, that your letters are neither loſt nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a ſafe hand in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing; though I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of thoſe letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpoſe; and I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they lie. "Mrs W—— did "aſſure me, ſhe had not one of them; and ſeemed to be "under great uneaſineſs, that you ſhould imagine they "were left with her. She likewiſe told me ſhe had ſtop-"ped the Dean's letter which gave you that informa-"tion; but believed he would write ſuch another; and "therefore deſired me to aſſure you from her, that ſhe "was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean ſays they are delivered into a ſafe "hand, and Mrs W—— * declares ſhe has them not.

"The

* *This lady ſince gave Mr Pope the ſtrongeſt aſſurances, that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt endeavours to prevent the publication; nay went ſo far as to ſecrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her ſon-in-law, D. Swift, Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a preface, to juſtify Mr Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.*

" The conſequence of their being hereafter publiſhed, " may give uneaſineſs to ſome of your friends, and of " courſe to you; ſo I would do all in my power to make " you entirely eaſy in that point"

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune: And I ſhould ſay, as an excuſe for this letter, that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you that I am,

Dear Sir,
with the trueſt eſteem,
your very faithful and obedient ſervant,
ORRERY.

Marſton, Oct. 4. 1738.

LETTER DCCLXXXVII.

TO MR ALDERMAN BARBER.

Aug. 8. 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I HAVE received your's of July 27th, and two days ago had a letter from Mr Pope, with a dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is juſt going to France, and I ſuppoſe deſigns to continue there as long as he lives. I am very ſorry he is under a neceſſity of ſelling Dawley: pray let me know whether he be tolerably eaſy in his fortunes; for he hath, theſe ſeveral years, lived very expenſively. Is his lady ſtill alive? And hath he ſtill a country-houſe, and an eſtate of her's to live on? I ſhould be glad to live ſo long, as to ſee his Hiſtory of his own

Times, which would be a work very worthy of his Lordſhip, and will be a defence of that miniſtry, and a juſtification of our late glorious Queen, againſt the malice, ignorance, falſehood, and ſtupidity of our preſent times and managers. I very much like Mr Pope's laſt poem, intitled, M DCC XXXVIII, called Dialogue II.; but I live ſo obſcurely, and know ſo little of what paſſes in London, that I cannot know the names of perſons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the Duke of Ormond lives ſo well at eaſe, and in ſo good health, as well as with ſo good a companion. His Grace hath an excellent conſtitution at ſo near to four ſcore. Mr Dunkin is not in town, but I will ſend to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my Lord and Lady Oxford, but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a raſcally butcher, one Morley, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his Lordſhip's manager, and hath been the principal cauſe of my Lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakneſs and credulity. I deſire you will pleaſe, upon occaſion, to preſent my humble ſervice to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and to my Lord Bathurſt. I juſt expected the character you gave of young * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr Ford is alive; perhaps walking preſerves him.

I very much lament your aſthma. I believe temperance and exerciſe have preſerved me from it. I ſeldom walk leſs than four miles, ſometimes

times ſix, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much thro' the houſe, up and down ſtairs: and if it was not for this cruel deafneſs, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phraſe, Great Britain, which is only to diſtinguiſh it from Little Britain, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and ſold. However, I will put Dr Sheridan (the beſt ſcholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible aſthma. I wiſh you were rich enough to buy and keep a horſe and ride every tolerable day twenty miles. Mr Richardſon is, I think, ſtill in London. I aſſure you he is very grateful to me, and is too wiſe and diſcreet to give any juſt occaſion of complaint, by which he muſt be a great loſer in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not writen ſo much this many a day, I have tired myſelf much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr Alderman, with very great eſteem,

Your moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER DCCLXXXVIII.

THE BISHOP OF FERNS* TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *September* 18. 1736.

A MESSAGE which I juſt now received from you by Mr Hughes, gives me ſome hopes of being reſtored to my old place. Formerly I was your miniſter in muſicis; but when I grew a great man (and by-the-bye you helped to make me ſo) you turned me off. If you are pleaſed again to employ me, I ſhall be as faithful and obſervant as ever.

I have heard Mr Hughes ſing often at Percival's †, and have a good opinion of his judgment; ſo has Percival, who, in theſe affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: And, if I miſtake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the muſical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is deſirous to improve himſelf. If Maſon and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themſelves. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

EDWARD FERNS.

LETTER

* Dr Synge. † At Dean Percival's.

LETTER DCCLXXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MR Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls *, in order to my convenient ſhaving with eaſe and diſpatch, together with the preſcription on half a ſheet of paper, was exactly followed, but ſome inconveniencies attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was juſt twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelve month paſt. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, becauſe he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and ſo adieu. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

October the 3d or 4th, or rather as the butler ſays, the 2d on Tueſday 1738.

My ſervice to all your little, I mean Mrs Harriſon, &c. but you will call this high treaſon. I am ſtill very lame of that left foot. I expect to ſee as many of you as you pleaſe.

LETTER

* A box of ſoap and a bruſh.

LETTER DCCXC.

MR POPE TO DR SWIFT.

Twitenham, Oct. 12. 1738.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that paſs in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendſhip to me; but I am not ſo willing to put you to the trouble of ſhewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occaſions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuſe the requeſt of a very particular and very deſerving friend, one of thoſe whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had ſworn never to love a man more, ſince the ſorrow it coſt me to have loved ſo many, now dead, baniſhed, or unfortunate. I mean Mr Lyttleton, one of the worthieſt of the riſing generation, His nurſe has a ſon, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurſe, and ſo does Lyttleton: He loves, and is loved through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any perſon to pleaſe me, or to ſerve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whoſe name is William Lamb, and he is the bearer of this letter. I preſume he is qualified for that which he deſires; and I doubt not,

if

if it be conſiſtent with juſtice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you —— What? —— what I cannot tell, the kindneſs I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wiſhes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or the beſt ſoftenings of the want of either, quiet and reſignation. You loſe little by not hearing ſuch things as this idle and baſe generation has to tell you: You loſe not much by forgetting moſt of what now paſſes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the paſt ſcenes of our country, and forgets the preſent, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though ſufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at leaſt we ſhould, nay, we muſt (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the beſt of what we cannot make better, but may make worſe. To hear that this is your ſituation, and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends, who are tender about you, would be a great eaſe to me to know, and know from yourſelf. Tell me who thoſe are whom you now love or eſteem, that I may love and eſteem them too; and, if ever they come to England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can ſerve you, or pleaſe you, be certain it will mend my happineſs; and that no ſatisfaction any thing gives me here will be ſuperior, if equal to it.

My

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolneſs, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and reſpect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Maſham, Lewis, Mrs P. Blount, (allow one woman to the liſt, for ſhe is as conſtant to old friendſhips as any man); and many young men there are, nay, all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can ſuffer, nothing of you can be obſcured or locked up from eſteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry: Juſt as much of you only as God made mortal. May the reſt of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honeſt men may expect and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know, that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's ever,

A. POPE.

LETTER DCCXCI.

To the Honourable the Society of the Governor and Aſſiſtants, London, for the New Plantation in Ulſter, within the Realm of Ireland, at their Chamber in Guildhall, London.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, *By conjecture*, 1738.

I HEARTILY recommend to your very Worſhipful Society, the Reverend Mr William Dunkin,

ınkin, for the living of Coleraine, vacant by the ıth of Dr Squire. Mr Dunkin is a gentleman great learning and wit, true religion, and ex- lent morals. *It is only for theſe qualifications at I recommend him to your patronage; and am confident that you will never repent the oice of ſuch a man, who will be ready at any ne to obey your commands. You have my ſt wiſhes, and all my endeavours for your proſ- rity; and I ſhall, during my life, continue to , with the trueſt reſpect, and higheſt eſteem,

Worthy Sirs,

your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCXCII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

November 27. 1738.

NEVER liked a letter from you on your uſual days of coming here, for it always brings ıe bad news. I am heartily ſorry for your ſon's ontinuing his illneſs, and that you have now wo patients in your houſe. In the mean time, ray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked holic, and Mrs Harriſon's diſpoſition to a fever. hope at leaſt things will be better on Thurſ- ay *; I ſhall be full of the ſpleen, becauſe it is

a

* Dr Swift's birth-day

a day you ſeem to regard, although I deteſt it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning *. I am deafer than when you ſaw me laſt, and indeed am quite caſt down. My hearty love and ſervice to Mrs Harriſon. I thoroughly pity you in your preſent circumſtances. I am ever your's entirely. God ſupport you!

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCXCIII.

MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Belturbet, Nov.* 29. 1738.

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you ſhould join in a plot againſt my uncle and me: You could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the Dean hath a hand in, is done in the moſt genteel and ſurpriſing manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himſelf when he hears the part he acted in it. I have been ſo well accuſtomed to receive preſents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or ſome light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I ſo ſurprized as I was when I read your letter, to think I had received a preſent from ſo great a perſon as the Dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew the

* This chapter he always read upon his birth-day.

the expence it muſt be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deſerve the leaſt favour from him: It is a moſt beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: The Dean's hair and name have made it a treaſure to me, and I really believe it will be thought ſo a thouſand years hence, if it can be kept ſo long. I am ſure it ſhall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My ſiſter, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very ſafe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her moſt ſincere thanks, with her humble ſervice. Pray give mine moſt affectionately to Miſs Harriſon. I am, dear Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER DCCXCIV.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 3. 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment againſt you, and a female accomplice of your's *; for that, by

* Mrs Whiteway.

the uſe of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country-girl of plain ſenſe, who had been very uſeful to me, and eſteemed by her acquaintance. I have ſeen of late many ſymptoms of her diſorder: It is true that the faſcination of your works had before operated ſtrongly upon her; for ſcarce any opportunity occurred but ſhe poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechiſm; however, ſhe could attend to domeſtic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when ſhe did not pore upon your writings, or ſome other books, (I cannot ſay of the like kind), ſhe was at work, or ſeeing that things in her province were as they ſhould be: But now truly it appears ſhe apprehends that heretofore ſhe had not diſcovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a perſon ſhe has long thought to be the greateſt genius any age had produced, and whom ſhe worſhippeth with an adoration that to any mortal riſes almoſt to idolatry, hath, it is much to be feared, tranſported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention towards me, as well as the poor girl; and I reſent it accordingly, as I hope ſhe will do when ſhe returns to her ſenſes.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear Sir, to learn from the prime-ſerjeant Singleton, that he found you extremely

extremely well in every reſpect, except your hearing; and in that he ſaid you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, moſt entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at preſent. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet ſay when they will allow me to return. I paſs my time, now and then, with ſome of Mr Pope's moſt intimate friends; and although I would have great pleaſure in being known to him, that of the preſent age comes next to you in fame, I ſhall not be introduced to him, unleſs I ſhall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of St Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is ſtill ſomewhat lame in his hip; but otherwiſe in very good health and ſpirits.

Dr Squire holds out ſurpriſingly: As ſoon as the vacancy ſhall happen, I will have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr Dunkin will ſucceed him.

I am ever, dear Sir, with the higheſt eſteem and reſpect, your moſt obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

LETTER DCCXCV.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *St Mary-hall, Oxford, Jan.* 5. 1738-9.

AT length I have put *Rochefaucault* to the preſs, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be publiſhed. But I am in great fear leſt you ſhould diſlike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of thoſe among your friends in this country, who love and eſteem you moſt, and zealouſly intereſt themſelves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily ſubmitted to their opinion; however, if, after having received the printed copies, which I will ſend you next week, you ſhall ſtill reſolve to have the poem publiſhed as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper perſon to undertake the work. I ſhall go to London the latter end of the next week, when I'll write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the poſt.

I was at Twickenham in the Chriſtmas week. Mr Pope had juſt then received a letter from you, and I had the pleaſure of hearing you were well and in good ſpirits. May thoſe good ſpirits continue with you to the laſt hour!

Believe

Believe me to be, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Mrs Whiteway.

LETTER DCCXCVI.

DEANE SWIFT, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Jan.* 12. 1738-9.

I HAD ſo great an honour conferred upon me yeſterday, that I know not how to expreſs the obligations I lie under for it, unleſs by endeavouring to make myſelf worthy of your preſent. I can demonſtrate to the world that I daily improve in wiſdom and knowledge, by ſtudying in thoſe books, which, ſince the beginning of my life, I have for ever eſteemed to be a complete library of taſte, wit, poetry, and politics; yes, and in ſpite of dulneſs and prejudice, I will venture to ſay of religion alſo. This I am ſure of, that ſo great a preſent from ſo great a perſon, and in a manner ſo handſome and ſo extraordinary, it is abſolutely impoſſible I ſhould ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out ſome of thoſe excellencies which ſhine through every page of them. But to be thought

worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myſelf for many years, that, to the beſt of my power, I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in defence of it, or whenever there ſhould appear any probability of ſucceſs, to vindicate and aſſert that claim, which every man, in every country, has by nature a right to inſiſt upon; but whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I ſhall from this moment enliſt myſelf under the conduct of Liberty's General; and whenever I deſert her enſigns, to fight under thoſe of Tyranny and Oppreſſion; then, and not till then, will I part with thoſe books which you have ſo highly honoured me with, and caſt them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the ſight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, Sir, with the higheſt eſteem, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

DEANE SWIFT.

LETTER DCCXCVII.

DR KING TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 23. 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford about the thirtieth of laſt month,

month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefaucault; and as I intereſt myſelf moſt heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, ſo I take great pleaſure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I obſerve this with more than ordinary ſatisfaction, becauſe I may urge the approbation of the public as ſome kind of apology for myſelf, if I ſhall find you are diſſatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that ſhould happen, all the reſt of your friends on this ſide of the water muſt ſhare the blame with me; for I have abſolutely conformed myſelf to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are ſome lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reaſon, but becauſe I durſt not inſert them, I mean the ſtory of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almoſt every reader may be able to ſupply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of Queen Anne, and ſo well deſcribes the deſigns of the miniſtry, which ſucceeded upon the acceſſion of the late king, I would likewiſe willingly have publiſhed, if I could have done it with ſafety; but I don't know whether the preſent worthy ſet of miniſters would not have conſtrued this paſſage into high-treaſon, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: At leaſt a lawyer, whom I conſulted on this occaſion, gave me ſome reaſon to imagine

magine this might be the caſe. I am in truth more cautious than I uſed to be, well knowing that my ſuperiors look on me at preſent with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have ſent you by the ſame gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: For although that piece hath eſcaped the ſtate-inquiſition, by being written in a language that is not at preſent very well underſtood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney-general to explain; yet the ſcope of the poem and principal characters being well underſtood, the author muſt hereafter expect no mercy, if he give his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithſtanding all my caution, if I perceive you diſlike this manner and form of the poem, I will, ſome way or other, contrive that it may be publiſhed as you ſhall direct.

I ſend you my beſt wiſhes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect ſtate, for the ſake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind: And I beg you to believe that I am, with the greateſt truth, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

W. K.

LETTER

LETTER DCCXCVIII.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *January* 30. 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have juſt received from you, has put me into great confuſion. I beg of you to be aſſured, that I think myſelf under the higheſt obligations to you; and that I ſet a true value on the friendſhip with which you have honoured me, and ſhall endeavour to preſerve it as long as I live. If our correſpondence has been interrupted, it hath been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the poſt-office; for ſome time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the ſeals torn off. Whether thoſe poſt-officers really thought me, what I never thought myſelf, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for ſome greater name, I don't know; but for my part, I grew peeviſh to find my friendſhips, and all my little chit-chat, muſt conſtantly be expoſed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leiſure or curioſity enough to examine my letters. However, for ſome little time paſt, I have not had the ſame cauſe of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my ſuperiors no longer ſuſpect me of holding any unwarrantable correſpondence, eſpecially ſince I find I may now venture

venture to write to the Dean even by the Oxford poſt. Notwithſtanding what you ſay, I am in ſome pain about Rochefaucault; and doubt much whether he will be ſatisfied with the manner in which he finds it publiſhed; to which I conſented in deference to Mr Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am ſure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themſelves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece ſo well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greateſt enemies, acknowledge that he hath not loſt any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour ſo peculiar to himſelf. For my part, I never read any of his works, either in proſe or verſe, that I do not call to mind that ſhort character which Cardinal Polignac gave him in ſpeaking to me, *Il a l'eſprit createur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiſs to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, ſince this poem was printed, offered it to ſale to a bookſeller at Temple-bar; and I am now told, that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is juſt come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publiſh the poem here; ſo that perhaps the whole may at laſt appear whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr Swift is well. When are we to ſee him again in Oxford? Since

ince you appeal to him for a voucher, although ou need none with me, let him likewiſe do me ie juſtice to tell you, that he never heard me ention your name but with the greateſt eſteem nd reſpect; with which I ſhall ever be, Madam, our moſt obedient and moſt faithful ſervant,

W. K.

I ſent the Dean a pacquet by the gentleman under whoſe cover I ſend you this.

LETTER DCCXCIX.

LORD CASTLEDURROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 2. 1739.

SINCE I am forbidden your preſence, I think I ſhould be more explicit in my reaſon of thanks to you for Dr Delany's obliging preſent, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered meſſage by a ſervant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at firſt imagined his boundleſs generoſity diſtributed his book amongſt the lords, and that it was ſent me as a member, though an unworthy one, of that auguſt body. I ſoon found myſelf miſtaken; and as all preſents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of diſtribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having ſo obligingly diſtinguiſhed me. He has honoured me with an anſwer to it, which highly elates

me;

me; for weak minds are eaſily made vain; but whoſe would not be ſo, on the compliment he makes me, on having read ſome of my letters to you? They were wrote (as moſt of mine are) in the wantonneſs of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expreſſion, or drefs of works, lucky methods of gilding nonſenſe; yet that he ſhould approve, I will not wonder, when I conſider the benignity of your friendſhip. Oh! is it not ſometimes too ſtrong a bias, even for your judgement, that prompted you to think them worth his peruſal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be ſilent; yet, muſt I riſk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myſelf farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I ſuggeſt may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as ſoon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney-coach, which I ſhall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradiſe, which I long much to ſee, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuſe of deafneſs and dizzineſs. Yielding to ſuch a complaint always ſtrengthens it; exerting againſt it generally leſſens it. Do not immerge in the ſole enjoyment of yourſelf. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am ſure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you ſtill admit ſuch companions as are capable of adminiſtering it. In that number

ber I know I am unworthy of rank: However, my beſt wiſhes ſhall attend you.

I have incloſed ſome verſes. The Latin I believe will pleaſe you; one of the tranſlations may have the ſame fortune, the other cannot. The verſes written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, aſcribed to his miſtreſs. I have made the author of it vain (who I am ſure had never read Pope's Heloiſe to Abelard) in telling him his laſt ſix lines ſeem a parody on ſix of Pope's. They are on the other ſide, that you may not be at a loſs.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drowned,
Bright clounds deſcend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the moſt paſſionate I ever read, except Heloiſe's own, on the ſubject of love. I am equally ſtruck with Cadenus to Vaneſſa. I have often ſoothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wiſh; and the aſſuring you I am, with the greateſt ſincerity, as well as eſteem,

Sir, your moſt faithful,
affectionate humble ſervant,
CASTLEDURROW.

My boy ſends you his reſpects, and would fain pay them in perſon to you.

LETTER. DCCC.

DR KING TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *London, March* 6. 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing publiſhed in my time that hath been ſo univerſally well received as the Dean's laſt poem. Two editions have been already ſold off, though two thouſand were printed at firſt. In ſhort, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well aſſured, the greateſt enemies the Dean hath in this country, allow it to be a juſt and beautiful ſatire. As I am very ſincerely and ſenſibly affected by every thing that may raiſe the Dean's character as a writer, (if any thing can raiſe it higher), ſo you may believe I have had the greateſt pleaſure in obſerving the ſucceſs and general approbation which this poem hath met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yeſterday when the bookſeller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the ſame time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the Dean is much diſſatisfied with our manner of publication, and that ſo many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner ſpeaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner hath ſent over ſeveral other copies to other bookſellers; ſo that I take

take it for granted this poem will ſoon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition, and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been miſtaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occaſion without any reſerve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealouſly intereſt yourſelf in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the ſame of me, you will do me great juſtice.

The doctor's friends, whom I conſulted on this occaſion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if ſo much were ſaid by himſelf of himſelf. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind ſhould lie againſt this poem, conſidering there is not the leaſt tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that theſe lines,

He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
No individual could reſent
Where thouſands equally were meant——

might be liable to ſome objections, and were not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a juſt part of his character, becauſe ſeveral perſons have been laſhed by name, a Betteſworth, and in this poem Chartres and Whitſhed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever ſhall think, that it is an imputation on a

ſatiriſt to laſh an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

Here's Wolſton's tracts the twelfth edition, &c.

are plainly a miſtake, and were omitted for that reaſon only: For Wolſton never had a penſion; on the contrary, he was proſecuted for his blaſphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himſelf was impriſoned, and died in priſon. Woolaſton, the author of a book called, "The religion of Na-"ture delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book univerſally read, his buſto ſet up by the late Queen in her grotto at Richmond with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaſton was not a clergyman.

The two laſt lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better———

I omitted, becauſe I did not well underſtand them; a better what?——There ſeems to be what the grammarians call an antecedent wanting for that word; for neither kingdom or debtor will do, ſo as to make it ſenſe, and there is no other antecedent. The Dean is, I think, without exception, the beſt and moſt correct writer of Engliſh that hath ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing ſhould be cavilled at as ungrammatical: He is beſides the moſt patient of criticiſm of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the leaſt ſign of a great

great genius.——I have therefore ventured to make theſe objections to you; in which, however, for the moſt part, I ſubmitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had ſomething to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, Madam, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

W. K.

LETTER DCCCI.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO MRS WITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *London, April* 5. 1739.

I AM indeed much aſhamed that I have ſo many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me, when I aſſure you that my ſilence hath not proceeded from want of reſpect and eſteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much buſineſs as an excuſe to any body, much leſs to you; although the truth is, that I am hurried almoſt out of my life with the attendance, and writing about things I have undertaken for ſome friends.

The Dean's recommendation and your's, without any other conſideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmoſt to ſerve Mr M'Aulay, as I have told him by this poſt, when I thought I

ſhould not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will ſee that I have loſt no time; and I have hopes to obtain the Lord Lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr Swift * to the acquaintance of ſome perſons before I leave this; whoſe countenance and friendſhip will at leaſt give a young gentleman a good air —— his own merit intitles him to the eſteem and regard of ſuch as ſhall have the happineſs to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my moſt hearty thanks for the ſame, and to aſſure you, that any opportunity of expreſſing the eſteem I have for the Dean, which is the higheſt, and for you, will ever give me the greateſt pleaſure. I am, Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

LETTER DCCCII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, April* 10. 1739.

IT is an age ſince I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr Alderman Barber, whoſe veneration for you prompts him to do

* William Swift, Eſq; then a ſtudent at the Middle Temple.

do any thing he can think of that can ſhew his reſpect and affection, made a preſent to the univerſity of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jarvis, to do honour to the univerſity by your being placed in the gallery among the moſt renowned and diſtinguiſhed perſonage this iſland hath produced; but firſt had a copy taken, and then had the original ſet in a fine rich frame, and ſent it to Oxford, after concerting with Lord Bolingbroke, the vice-chancellor, and Mr Pope, as I remember, the inſcription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is incloſed. The Alderman had a very handſome compliment from the vice-chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houſes there, and by their direction, wherein there is moſt honourable mention of the Dean of St Patricks on that occaſion.

Seeing an article in the London Evening-Poſt upon your picture, which was drawn at the requeſt and expence of the Chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanry; Alderman Barber took the hint, and cauſed what you ſee in the London Evening-Poſt of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time: But I thought it right that you ſhould be acquainted how intent he is, all manner of ways, to ſhew the effects of the higheſt friendſhip, kindled to a flame by the warmeſt ſenſe of gratitude, and the moſt exalted eſteem and veneration.

Mrs Whiteway, and Mr M'Aulay, can inform you

you how abſolute your commands are with me. Since you recommend him, he is ſure of the utmoſt I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I ſhall conclude that you think me troubleſome, and are reſolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home: But wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt truly faithful ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My beſt reſpects wait upon Mrs Whiteway.

LETTER DCCCIII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, April* 17. 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by Alderman Barber's direction. Beſides a letter from you to the ſociety, whoſe addreſs is in Mrs Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr Dunkin to the ſociety will be of uſe; and if you write to Mr Pope, the Alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear Sir, your moſt

moſt obliged and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I ſhould think it would be right in Mr Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squires's death. I wrote by this poſt to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life ſhould be in him when my letter goes to him.

LETTER DCCCIV.

DR DUNKIN TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *April* 25. 1739.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being firſt introduced to the moſt worthy Dean of St Patrick, I muſt have thought myſelf under the higheſt obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendſhip, through ſo many repeated acts of generoſity, and the courſe of his gracious endeavours to raiſe my reputation and fortune, are ſuch things as I muſt ever remember and expreſs with a very deep ſenſe of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing ſo many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reaſon expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only ſay, the Dean of St Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that

that he, who could riſe to preſerve a nation, will deſcend to relieve an individual.

The ſenſe of my own demerit, and the juſt awe in which I ſtand before ſo great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of ſpeech or writing, which is requiſite to let him underſtand with what love, veneration, and reſpect of his perſon, I reflect upon the many inſtances of his tender concern, and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I moſt earneſtly wiſh, but am altogether unable to perform, and ſuch as I intreat you, dear Madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your moſt dutiful, obedient, devoted ſervant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

LETTER DCCCV.

DR SWIFT TO MR POPE.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, April* 28. 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any ſort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection; and with good reaſon, becauſe they are a numerous race degenerating from their anceſtors, who were of good eſteem for their loyalty and ſufferings in the rebellion

bellion againſt King Charles I. This couſin of mine, who is ſo deſirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift *, becauſe his great-grandfather by the grandmother's ſide was Admiral Deane; who, having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to ſave his neck by dying a year or two before the Reſtoration.

I have a great eſteem for Mr Deane Swift, who is much the moſt valuable of any in his family. He was firſt a ſtudent in this univerſity, and finiſhed his ſtudies in Oxford; where Dr King, principal of St Mary-Hall, aſſured me, that Mr Swift behaved himſelf with good reputation and credit. He hath a very good taſte for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verſes, and is a perfect maſter, equally ſkilled in the beſt Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true ſpirit for liberty, and with all theſe advantages is extremely decent and modeſt. Mr Swift is heir to the little paternal eſtate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordſhire. My grandfather was ſo perſecuted, and plundered two and fifty times, by the barbarity of Cromwell's helliſh crew, (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Ruſticus*), that the poor old gentleman was forced to ſell the better half of his eſtate to ſupport his family. However, three of his ſons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchaſed good eſtates here; of which Mr Deane

* Author of "An eſſay upon the life, writings, and character of Dr Swift," publiſhed in 1755.

Deane Swift hath a good ſhare but with ſome incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman ſhould have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I aſk for him; and that if he ſtays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you ſometimes.

I am,
My deareſt friend,
your moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCCVI.

TO MR POPE.

May 10. 1739. *at a conjecture.*

YOU are to ſuppoſe, for the little time I ſhall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and eſpecially of any thing that was told me laſt night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high eſteem and friendſhip you bear to your friend Mr Lyttelton, whom you call the riſing genius of this age. His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early ſpread even among us. I find he is ſecretary to the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Highneſs hath been, for ſeveral years, chancellor of the univerſity in Dublin. All this is a prelude

prelude to a requeſt I am going to make you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great diſtinction for ſkill and honeſty, zealous for the liberty of the ſubject, and loyal to the Houſe of Hanover; and particularly to the Prince of Wales, for his Highneſs's love to both kingdoms.

Mr M'Aulay is now ſoliciting for a ſeat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr Coghill, a Civilian, who was one of the perſons choſen for this univerſity: And, as his Royal Highneſs continues ſtill Chancellor of it, there is no perſon ſo proper to nominate the repreſentative as himſelf. If this favour can be procured by your good-will, and Mr Lyttelton's intereſt, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to repreſent this univerſity.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr Lamb; he hath at preſent but half a vicarſhip: The value of it is not quite 50l. *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour ſome months ago; and, if I out-live any one vicar-choral, Mr Lamb ſhall certainly have a full place, becauſe he very well deſerves it: And I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

LETTER DCCCVII.

MR SECRETARY L——— * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, May* 16. 1738.

I CANNOT let Mr Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr Lamb. I know that I ought to aſcribe it wholly to Mr Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happineſs to be known to you myſelf; but give me leave to take this occaſion of aſſuring you how much I wiſh to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be ſo even at this diſtance, and though we ſhould never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of ſome men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their perſons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any ſervice in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble ſervant,

G. L———.

LETTER

* Now Lord I.———

LETTER DCCCVIII.

MR POPE TO DR SWIFT.

DEAREST SIR, *May* 17. 1739.

EVERY time I ſee your hand, it is the greateſt ſatisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that ſeveral of my letters, to teſtify it to you, miſcarry; and you aſk me the ſame queſtions again, which I prolixly have anſwered before. Your laſt, which was delivered me by Mr Swift, inquires where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a paragraph in my laſt, under his own hand, gave you an account of himſelf; and I employed almoſt a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has ſold Dawley for twenty-ſix thouſand pounds, much to his own ſatisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the fineſt country of France, divided between ſtudy and exerciſe; for he ſtill reads or writes five or ſix hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole foreſt of Fountainbleau at his command, with the king's ſtables and dogs, &c. his lady's ſon-in-law, being governor of that place. She reſides moſt part of the year with my lord at a large houſe they have hired; and the reſt with her daughter, who is Abbeſs of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never ſaw him in ſtronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and diſpaſ-

ſionate as to his enemies. He is ſeriouſly ſet upon writing ſome parts of the Hiſtory of his Times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, preſenting a view of the whole ſtate of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a ſummary ſketch of the natural and incidental intereſt of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to the true politics of each, in the ſeveral adminiſtrations to this time. The hiſtory itſelf will be particular only on ſuch facts and anecdotes as he perſonally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expreſſed lately to me, that ſome facts in your Hiſtory of the Queen's laſt Years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly ſtated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, of which great care ſurely ſhould be taken. And he told me, that when he ſaw you in 1727, he made you obſerve them, and that you promiſed to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place could I ſee you again, as I may hope to ſee him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not Dublin only, but France and Italy not worth the viſiting once in my life.

The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr Jervas, who went to Rome and

Naples

Naples purely in ſearch of health. An aſthma has reduced his body, but his ſpirit retains all its vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itſelf not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his houſe in town. Dr Arbuthnott's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodneſs of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honeſt. Mrs Patty Blount is one of the moſt conſiderate and mindful women in the world towards others, the leaſt ſo with regard to herſelf. She ſpeaks of you conſtantly. I ſcarce know two more women worth naming to you; the reſt are ladies, run after muſic, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Maſham, when I ſee them. I ſee John Barber ſeldom; but always find him proud of ſome letter from you. I did my beſt with him in behalf of one of your friends, and ſpoke to Mr Lyttleton for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that inſtant, who was as pleaſed to pleaſe you.

You aſk me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The * Prince ſhews me a diſtinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a preſent from him of ſome marble heads of poets for my library, and ſome urns for my garden.

* His late Royal Highneſs Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The miniſterial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their maſters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At leaſt they are civil to me; which is all I aſk from courtiers, and all a wiſe man will expect from them. The Dutcheſs of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate ſome young people's friendſhip, becauſe they may be honeſt men; whereas the old ones, experience too often proves not to be ſo. I have dropped ten where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polworth *, a Mr Murray †, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out againſt all the corruption of the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical ſpirit; I am ſinking faſt into proſe; and if I ever write more, it ought (at theſe years, and in theſe times) to be ſomething, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my proteſt (for ſo I call the Dialogue of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will ſend you. They are an inſertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the ſecond Canto, among the authors

* 'Now Earl of Marchmont.'

† The preſent Lord Chief Juſtice.

authors who dive in Fleetditch, immediately after Arnall, verſe 300, add theſe:

Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſp'rate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back *;
Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Oſborne, ſtupified to ſtone;
And needful Paxton† tells the world with tears,
Theſe are, ah! no; theſe were my Gazetteers.

Having nothing more to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amuſement. The firſt is better as to head-achs, worſe as to weakneſs and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwiſe I want not ſpirits, except when indigeſtions prevail. The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but ſleep, and am ſtupid enough. I love reading ſtill, better than converſation; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when moſt people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the paſt day ſufficient.

* They print one at the back of the other to ſend into the country. Mr Pope MS Note. Theſe were daily papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. Dunciad, Dr Warb. edit.

† A ſolicitor, who procured and paid theſe writers. Mr Pope's MS. Note. 'the line is now changed;

And monumental braſs this record bears;
Theſe are, &c.'

ficient to weigh me down. So I hide myſelf in bed, as a bird in his neſt, much about the ſame time, and riſe and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the ſcene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord Bathurſt is ſtill my conſtant friend and your's; but his country-ſeat is now always in Glouceſterſhire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr Pulteney has no country-ſeat, and in town I ſee him ſeldom, but he always aſks of you. In the ſummer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elſewhere. In all thoſe rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled ſo delightfully two ſummers. Why cannot I croſs the ſea? The unhappieſt malady I have to complain of, the unhappieſt accident of my whole life, is that weakneſs of the breaſt, which makes the phyſicians of opinion that a ſtrong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went ſome years ago, with Lord Peterborow about ten leagues at ſea, purely to try if I could ſail without ſea-ſickneſs, and with no other view than to make yourſelf and Lord Bolingbroke a viſit before I died.

But the experiment, though almoſt all the way near the coaſt, had almoſt ended all my views at once. Well then, I muſt ſubmit to live at the diſtance which fortune has ſet us at; but my memory, my affection, my eſteem, are

inſeparable

inſeparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever your's.

P. S. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr King. Wherever I can find two or three that are your's, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for ſending Mr Swift to me: He can tell you more of me.

London,
May 19.

(A Second Poſtſcript).

One of my new friends, Mr Lyttleton, was to the laſt degree glad to have any requeſt from you to make to his maſter. The moment I ſhewed him your's concerning Mr M'Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted *. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb †. I will make you no particular ſpeeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordes*. He loves you, though he ſees you not, as all poſterity will love you, who will

* Mr Alexander M'Aulay was ſoliciting for a ſeat in parliament, as one of the repreſentatives of the univerſity of Dublin: Mr Lyttleton was then principal ſecretary to his late Royal Highneſs Frederick Prince of Wales, who, as Chancellor of it, was thought by Dr Swift to be the moſt proper perſon to nominate.

† Dr Swift hath made Mr William Lamb one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr Lyttleton's recommendation.

will not ſee you, but reverence and admire you *.

LETTER DCCCIX.

TO MR LYTTLETON †.

SIR, *June* 5. 1739.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr Lamb, which deſerves mine and my Chapter's thanks, for recommending ſo uſeful a perſon to my choir. It is true I gave Mr Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr Pope, that he might have the happineſs to ſee and know ſo great a genius in poetry, and ſo agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (ſeveral years older than you) was much ſurpriſed to ſee his junior in ſo high a ſtation, a ſecretary to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, and to find himſelf treated by you in ſo kind a manner. In one article you are greatly miſtaken. For however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the Prince your maſter's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You

* The letter, to which this poſtſcript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes publiſhed by Mr Deane Swift. It is dated by the editor "May 10. 1739, as a "conjecture."

† Now Lord Lyttleton.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politics; For, in a letter I writ to Mr Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the Prince, to prevail with the university to chuse him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the Prince of Wales, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr Tisdal, and therefore have desired his Royal Highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request indeed, to demand from their Chancellor what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their Chancellor, heir of the Crown, is universally condemned here, and seems to be the last effort of such men; who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his Royal Highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms,

kingdoms, when it ſhall pleaſe God to make him the reſtorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuſe you highly for your ill treatment of me, by wiſhing yourſelf in the number of my friends: But you ſhall be pardoned, if you pleaſe to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You ſhall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me loſe my memory in every thing but friendſhip and gratitude: And you, whom I have never ſeen, will never be forgotten by me, until I am dead. I am, Honourable Sir, with the higheſt reſpect,

Your moſt obedient and
obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER DCCCX.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Worceſter, Aug.* 4. 1739.

I HAVE juſt heard from town, that Mr Faulkner, your bookſeller at Dublin, has, by your order, ſent me over your works. When I deſired Mr Swift to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleaſure of owing them to your own kindneſs in ſo obliging a way. I will place them in my ſtudy next to Mr Pope's, which he too gave me himſelf; and can truly aſſure you, that, excepting that preſent, I never received one which I value ſo much.

I

I am ſorry his Royal Highneſs's recommendation has been of ſo little uſe to your friend; and think, indeed, that the univerſity owed more reſpect to their Chancellor, though he had not been Prince of Wales, than they have thought proper to ſhew. I made his Royal Highneſs your compliments, which he accepted with much ſatisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raiſed among thoſe who are equally friends to him and their country. He is pleaſed to reckon you in that number, and deſires to preſerve and increaſe your good opinion. I thank you for the promiſe you give me not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one ſincerely deſirous to merit the continuance of your friendſhip by all the ſervices in the power of,

Sir, your moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
G. LYTTLETON.

LETTER DCCCXI.

DR SCOTT TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *London, Sept.* 7. 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a perſon ſo little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendſhip upon you, which, I am inclined to believe, you will

anſwer; becauſe it is in favour of that kingdom to which you have always ſtood a ſincere and firm friend. We have had here, for ſome years paſt, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of an human body. They are the work of a French ſurgeon, who ſpent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expence of diſſecting ſome hundreds of bodies. The preſent proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my perſuaſion that he was prevailed on to ſend them into Ireland for the inſtruction of the curious. I preſume you have ſeen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a perſon may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing theſe preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many diſſections. Your encouraging ſuch of your acquaintance as are curious to ſee theſe figures, would greatly excite the curioſity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to deſire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have aſſured you, that the perſon who has the care of the figures, has it in his inſtructions to return the money that may be got by expoſing them to view, in Iriſh linen, ſo that the kingdom will be no way impoveriſhed by the ſmall expence which gentlemen may be at in procuring uſeful inſtruction, or gratifying their curioſity. If the requeſt I have made be ſuch as you can't favour, my next

is,

is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next ſpring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for ſome years paſt, for the ſilencing of all infidels, heretics, ſchiſmatics of all kinds, and enthuſiaſts. I thought it neceſſary, becauſe in the way that the controverſy has been hitherto managed againſt ſuch people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared; Chriſtianity has been betrayed, and all true religion loſt in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own; what I have ſet forth is what was clearly ſet forth in the ſcriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original ſcriptures of the Old Teſtament, ſo interpreted as to make them every where conſiſtent with themſelves; and to ſhew that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the ſcriptures, ſo interpreted, are the revealed word of God. I have demonſtrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that theſe revealed truths, ſo demonſtrated, are unqueſtionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved, but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their luſts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlaſting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteouſneſs which is of faith: So that the whole

of all true religion has been one and the ſame in all ages; will appear to conſiſt in the mortifications of our bodily and ſpiritual luſts, which with-hold men from the works of righteouſneſs; and in the belief of thoſe demonſtrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to ſubdue them; and in obſerving thoſe natural memorials, which God hath ſet before us, and in partaking of thoſe reverential ordinances which he hath inſtituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for ſo doing. I aſk pardon for this digreſſion; and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I ſhall take great pleaſure in obeying you; for I am, with the greateſt reſpect and truth, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN SCOTT.

LETTER DCCCXII.

REVEREND MR THROP TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dec.* 10. 1739.

THE many profeſſions of kindneſs you have made, and friendſhip you have ſhewn, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and deteſtation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monſter ——— to my unfortunate and innocent brother,

ther, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that caſe, to diſperſe among ſuch members of the Houſe of Commons as were of your acquaintance. The reaſon of our troubling you to do this, is becauſe we intend preſenting a petition to the members of the Houſe of Commons this ſeſſion, to oblige ——— to wave his privilege, every other attempt we have tried ſince my brother's death proving fruitleſs.

Your appearing, Sir, in this affair, will not only make ——— the more ready to do juſtice, but prevent others from ſupporting him in his villainies, which will be of infinite ſervice to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of caſes, and and if you ſhould have occaſion for any more, they ſhall be ſent you by, Reverend Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ROBERT THROP.

I have written the name of the ſeveral perſons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title-page.

LETTER DCCCXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Dec.* 31. 1739.

IT is impoſſible to have health in ſuch deſperate weather; but you are worſe uſed than

others. Every creature of either ſex are uneaſy: for our kingdom is turned to be a Muſcovy, or worſe. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good againſt rheumatic pains? I hope Deane Swift * will be able to aſſiſt you both. I wiſh for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly deſolate, and wiſh I could ſleep until the ſun would comfort us. Would neither your ſon or daughter ſave you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thouſand of them. Adieu. I am ever your's.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER DCCCXIV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or ſide, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to ſtir, and ſo was Croker not to ſuffer you. I am not yet worſe for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily ſorry for yourſelf and daughter; but Mr Swift dares not be ſick, for his chief buſineſs is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in

* Then married to Mrs Harriſon.

in my bed-chamber and cloſet, which hath alſo a fire. I am ever your's.

J. SWIFT.

New-year's-day, 1739-40.

I wiſh you may have many, and all healthy ones.

LETTER DCCCXV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Jan.* 18. 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health: It is now twenty-five days ſince we have found nothing but froſt and miſery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldeſt of them all. Dr Wilſon and I are both very uneaſy to find no better meſſage from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the incloſed letter from your beloved of ———, which I ſhall make you happy with. It will ſhew you the goodneſs, the wiſdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (ſpelling) fit for himſelf. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and ſervice to your ſon and daughter; let them both read the incloſed.

I would not loſe your lover's letter for 100 l.

It

It muſt be ſent back by the bearer.
know the exact number of lies, that
but I fear that will take up your time
I am ever your's.

J.

LETTER DCCCX

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEW

Feb. 3.

THE bad account I had of your
many days, or rather weeks, h
me continually uneaſy to the laſt deg
Mr Swift, who was with me ſo long
could not in conſcience give me any
but your kind letter hath raiſed my
ſome meaſure. I hope we have alm
with this curſed weather, yet ſtill nay
all in white. I read your letter to Dr
who is ſomewhat better, and he reſolve
your medicine, I mean your improve
what you preſcribe to add to his ſurg
thod. I am ever, dear Madam, entire

J.

LE

LETTER DCCCXVII.

——T N——, ESQ*; TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Bath, April* 2. 1740.

HAD not, until very lately, an opportunity of letting Mr Pope know his obligations to u; of which he is very ſenſible, and has deſi- l me to beg that you will remit to me, by a e hand, whatever letters of his are now in ur poſſeſſion. I ſhall be in town next week; that you may be pleaſed to direct to me, by : firſt convenient opportunity, at my houſe in ›ver-ſtreet, London. I am, Madam, with great eem, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr and Mrs Swift. I ſhall ſay nothing of the picture †, becauſe I am ſure you remember it. I muſt beg that you will let Mr Bindon ‡ know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr Pope.

LETTER

Now Lord C——.

† Of Dr Swift.

The greateſt painter of his time in theſe kingdoms, account of his age, and ſome little failure in his ſight, threw aſide his pencil about ſixteen or eighteen years ›; and afterwards lived to a good old age, greatly be- ed and reſpected by all who had the happineſs either iis friendſhip or acquaintance. He died within theſe ee years.

LETTER DCCCXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *April* 29. 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow-ſufferers almoſt equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am, and have been this two days in ſo miſerable a way, and ſo cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole laſt night I was equally ſtruck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this inſtant unable to move without exceſſive pain, although not the thouſandth part of what I ſuffered all laſt night and this morning. This you will now ſtyle the gout. I continue ſtill very deaf. Dr Wilſon's left eye is ſtill diſordered, and very uneaſy. You have now your family at home: I deſire to preſent them with my kind and hearty ſervice.

I am ever entirely your's, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

LETTER DCCCXIX.

MRS WHITEWAY TO ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

SIR, *May* 16. 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of St Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of your's to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he hath to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted, except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made public without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it, hath so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four last Years

Years of Queen Anne's reign, I ſuppoſe you have ſeen with Dr King, to whom he ſent it ſome time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever propoſed making money by, and was given to Dr King with that deſign, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, leſt the Doctor ſhould die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to diſpoſe of it. I intreat, Sir, you will not take notice to any perſon of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only deſigned for yourſelf: To the Dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and ſtarveling wits, cauſe of triumph. I incloſe this to Alderman Barber, who I am ſure will deliver it ſafe, yet knows nothing more than it's being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of anſwering womens letters, may perhaps make you think it neceſſary to anſwer mine; but I do not expect it, becauſe your time either is or ought to be better employed, unleſs it be in my power to ſerve you in buying Iriſh linen, or any other command you are pleaſed to lay on me, which I ſhall execute, to the beſt of my capacity, with the greateſt readineſs, integrity, and ſecrecy; for whether it be my years, or a leſs degree of vanity in my compoſition than in ſome of my ſex, I can receive ſuch an honour from you without mentioning it. I ſhould, ſome time paſt, have writ to you on this ſubject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought

a perſon of conſequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I diſlike.

I have ſeveral of your letters to the Dean, which I will ſend by the firſt ſafe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourſelf; I believe it may be Mr M'Aulay, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendſhip to the Prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without aſking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your diſtinguiſhable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr Swift, who waited on you laſt ſummer, is ſince that married to my daughter: He deſires me to preſent you his moſt obedient reſpects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to ſpend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

LETTER DCCCXX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, June* 3. 1740.

I HAD, ſome time ago, a letter from Stopford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better ſtate of health laſt year than you had done for ſome years paſt. No one wiſhes you more ſincerely than I do the continuance of it. And ſince the gout has been your phyſic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the reſt of it perfect health and ſpirits.

I am perſuaded you will do me the juſtice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for ſome time, it has proceeded from an unwillingneſs alone of engaging you in a very uſeleſs correſpondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true eſteem. Mr Pope can be my witneſs how conſtantly I inquire after you, and how pleaſed and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodneſs frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little deſire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at preſent. Three camps, near forty thouſand troops, and ſixteen kings *, and moſt of them ſuch as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have

* Sixteen Lords of the regency, the King being abroad.

have been raiſed on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the leaſt notion, that even our expedition under Lord Cathcart * is intended to be ſent any where; and yet every miniſter we have (except Sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our ſituation is very extraordinary; Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are ſo averſe to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we ſhall all grow tired of ſtruggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promiſe you not to reply to it too ſoon. You muſt give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verſes at the end of a declamation made by a boy at Weſtminſter-ſchool on this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat.

Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque Celer:

U 2 *Dum*

† Againſt Carthagena. It went, and miſcarried.

Dum lepido indulges Riſu, et mutaris in Horas,
Quo nova vis Animi, Materieſque rapit ;
Nunc gravis Aſtrologus, Cæli dominaries et Aſtris,
Filaque pro libitu Patrigiana ſecas.
Nunc Populo ſpecioſa Heſpes miracula promis,
Genteſque Æquoreas, aeriaſq ; creas.
Seu plauſum captat queruli Perſona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo Fabula ſumpta cado.
Mores egregius mira exprimis Arte Magiſter,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque ſapit.
Socraticæ *minor eſt vis, et Sapientia Charta,*
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis *Opus.*

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, charges me to preſent her ſervices, when I aſſure you that I am moſt faithfully and ſincerely,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

LETTER DCCCXXI.

MR POPE TO MRS WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Twickenham, June* 18. 1740.

I AM extremely ſenſible of the favour of your letter, and very well ſee the kindneſs as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourſelf) a ſincere friend to the Dean, though a much leſs uſeful one: for all my friendſhip can only operate in wiſhes, your's in good works. He has had

had the happineſs to meet with ſuch in all the ſtages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the laſt. Never imagine, Madam, that I can do otherwiſe than eſteem that ſex, which has furniſhed him with the beſt friends.

The favour you offer me, I accept with the utmoſt thankfulneſs; and I think no perſon more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr M'Aulay, of whom I know you have ſo good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your truſt, I ſhall think deſerves mine, in a point I am ever ſo tender of.

I wiſh the very ſmall opportunity I had of ſhewing Mr Swift, your ſon, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wiſh it now more, ſince he is become ſo near to you, for whom my reſpect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wiſh well for the one without doing ſo for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy ſubject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as poſſible in this ſtate of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderneſs, Madam, prevent any thing after his death which may any-way depreciate his memory. I dare ſay nothing of ill conſequence can happen from the commiſſion given Dr King.

You ſee, Madam, I write to you with abſolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of ſenſe and ſpirit.

I will ſay no more, that you may find I treat you with the ſame delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the leaſt compliment: And it is none when I add, that I am, with eſteem, Madam, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER DCCCXXII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miſerable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am ſo ſtupid and confounded, that I cannot expreſs the mortification I am under, both in body and mind. All I can ſay is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly underſtand one word I write. I am ſure my days will be very few; few and miſerable they muſt be.

I am, for thoſe few days, your's entirely.

J. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
July 26. 1740.

If I live till Monday, I ſhall hope to ſee you, perhaps for the laſt time.

LETTER

LETTER DCCCXXIII.

THE EARL OF O——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Caledon, Dec.* 17. 1740.

GREAT men like you muſt expect numberleſs petitions, which, like Jupiter, you put to various uſes; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is ſtriving for the poſt. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the chair. I am deſired to recommend to you one James Colgan *, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his perſon indifferent, his recommendation to me irreſiſtible. I beſeech you let Faulkner give me an anſwer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, —— commons, *&c.* are worth your while to give yourſelf one moment's uneaſineſs about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I muſt be enabled to ſay, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only ſerve me to preſent Lady O———'s moſt humble ſervice to you, and the beſt wiſhes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER

* One of the vicars-choral of Chriſt-Church and St Patrick's cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of ſinging.

LETTER DCCCXXIV.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *January* 13. 174

YOUR ſon *, who was with me yeſte and ſtaid the whole afternoon till ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy acc of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I a ſervant with this letter, and you will ple employ Mr Swift to anſwer it, becauſe I a very great pain about you; for the weather extremely ſharp, that it muſt needs add to diſorders. Pray let your ſon or daughter a few lines to give me ſome ſort of comfort. cold is now attended with a cough this l cold weather; but I am impatient until you or daughter gives me ſome hopes. I am your aſſured friend and moſt humble ſerva

J. SW

LETTER DCCCXXV.

TAE EARL OF ORRERY TO DR SWIFT

Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, July 7. 1

THANKS to you, dear Sir, for your freq remembrance of me by my great fi and patron Mr George Faulkner: Thanks tc

* Mr Swift.

for the honours you have ſhewed my wife; but above all, thanks to you for uſing exerciſe, and taking care of your health. It is the ſtrongeſt inſtance of affection your friends either deſire or deſerve. In mentioning your friends, I muſt particularize Mr Pope: He obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus*; Dr King does the ſame. Thus deities condeſcend to viſit and converſe with mortals.

Poor Lord Oxford is gone to theſe regions from whence travellers never return, unleſs in an airy viſit to faithleſs lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to deſtruction, as Hector amidſt the flames to Troy. The deceaſed Earl has left behind him many books, many manuſcripts, and no money: His Lady brought him five hundred thouſand pounds, four of which have been ſacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wiſdom: And there will ſtill remain, after proper ſales and right management, five thouſand pounds a-year for his widow.

Mr Cæſar died about two months ago. Mrs Cæſar is ſtill all tears and lamentations, altho' ſhe certainly may be numbered *inter felices, ſua ſi bona norint.*

Lord Bathurſt is at Cirenceſter, erecting pillars and ſtatues to Queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: Poſterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The Duke of Argyle reigns or ought to reign in Scotland.———Such is the ſtate of Europe; but

our

our diſappointment in America has caſt a gloomy face over London and Weſtminſter. The citizens have recourſe to rhum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep diſmay at a proper diſtance; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geeſe in the Park cackle on, and join in chorus to the ſounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmoſphere of Whitehall. ——What news next? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot; for in truth, notwithſtanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleaſure of thinking of you, yet I ſweat to aſſure you how much I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

LETTER DCCCXXVI.

EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

SIR, *Marſton, Dec.* 3. 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy account you have ſent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of ſenſes many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him deſcribe perſons in that condition, with a livelineſs and a horror, that on this late occaſion have

have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, ſhould have an addition of a particular prayer againſt this moſt dreadful misfortune. I am ſure mine ſhall. The bite of a mad dog (a moſt tremendous evil) ends ſoon in death; but the effects of his loſs of memory may laſt even to the longeſt age of man; therefore I own my friendſhip for him has now changed my thoughts and wiſhes into the very reverſe of what they were. I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am ſorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there ſeemed an approaching mortification in his eye-lid. In one word, the man I wiſhed to live the longeſt, I wiſh the ſooneſt dead. It is the only bleſſing that can now befal him. His reaſon will never return; or if it ſhould, it will only be to ſhew him the miſery of having loſt it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceaſes, and where perfection begins; where Wilſons cannot break in and ſteal, and where envy hatred, and malice have no influence or power. Whilſt he continues to breathe, he is an example ſtronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, againſt pride, conceit, and vain-glory. Good God! Dr Swift beaten and and marked with ſtripes by a beaſt in human ſhape, one Wilſon. But he is not only an example againſt preſumption and haughtineſs, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to ſecure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the laſt minute particles of the hour-glaſs. A batchelor

batchelor will ſeldom find, among all his kindred, ſo true a nurſe, ſo faithful a friend, ſo diſintereſted a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be baniſhed from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs Whiteway; all that a companion could perſuade, has been attempted by Mrs Ridgeway: The reſt——but I ſhall run on for ever; and I ſet out at firſt only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy ſtate.

LETTER DCCCXXVII.

LORD HYDE TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ;

Paris, March, 7. N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from England, Sir, that Lord Bolingbroke has left his manuſcripts to you *. His friends muſt ſee with ſatisfaction thoſe title-deeds

* His Lordſhip died 15th December 1757. Lord Hyde having heard at Paris of Lord Bolingbroke's legacy of all

deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great Lord Bacon; and you will have had the diſtinguiſhed honour of having been guardain to the fame of two of the greateſt geniuſes which our country, and perhaps humanity has produced; but with greater honour to you in this laſt inſtance, becauſe you are ſuch by the deſignation and choice of the author himſelf.

What works of his you may have for the public I know not. That for which I was ſolicitous, becauſe I believe it would be moſt inſtructive to the world; and might be moſt for his honour, he told me himſelf he had laid aſide; I mean the Hiſtory of the great Tranſaction of Europe from the time when he began to conſider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a ſummary review, which I had the good fortune ſome time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the ſtudy of hiſtory. You will probably have ſeen that ſummary review, which is in a collection of letters upon hiſtory, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a ſketch of the work he had propoſed to himſelf; but it is the ſketch of Lord Bolingbroke. He will probably have told you, that thoſe let-

all his writings, printed and manuſcript, to Mr Mallet, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was ſent by the Widow Mallet, with the manuſcript of Lord Bolinbroke's philoſophical works to the Britiſh Muſeum, in order to juſtify her huſband's integrity in the edition of them.'

ters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr Pope, who burnt, as he told me, the manuſcripts, and printed off by a private preſs ſome very few copies, which were to be conſidered ſtill as manuſcripts, one of which Mr Pope kept, and ſent another to Lord Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Marchmont, Mr Murray, and Mr Lyttelton, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myſelf, who have always preſerved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, obſerving not only the reſtrictions which Lord Bolingbroke himſelf had recommended to me, but ſecuring likewiſe, as far as I could, even in caſe of my death, that this work ſhould never become public from that copy, which is in my poſſeſſion. I inlarge upon this, becauſe I think myſelf particularly obliged, out of regard to Lord Bolingbroke, to give this account of that work to the perſon whom he has intruſted with all his writings, in caſe you might not have known this particularly. And at the ſame time I think it my duty, to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke, to myſelf, and to the world too, to ſay ſomething more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will inſtruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to ſay, that, for the ſake of both, you muſt publiſh it with caution.

The greateſt men have their faults, and ſometimes the greateſt faults; but the faults of ſuperior

perior minds are the leaſt indifferent, both to themſelves and to ſociety. Humanity is intereſted in the fame of thoſe who excelled in it; but it is intereſted before all in the good of ſociety, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compoſe it. Lord Bolingbroke's mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a ſtrong mixture of paſſions, which will always neceſſarily beget ſome prejudices, and follow more. And on the ſubject of religion particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his paſſions upon that ſubject chiefly) his paſſions were the moſt ſtrong; and I will venture to ſay, (when called upon, as I think, to ſay what I have ſaid more than once to himſelf, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his paſſions upon that ſubject did prevent his otherwiſe ſuperior reaſon from ſeeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himſelf, and wounded ſociety, by ſtriking at eſtabliſhments, upon which the conduct at leaſt of ſociety depends, and by ſtriving to overturn in mens minds the ſyſtems which experience at leaſt has juſtified, and which authority at leaſt has rendered reſpectable, as neceſſary to public order and to private peace, without ſuggeſting to their minds a better, or indeed any ſyſtem.

You will find, Sir, what I ſay to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digreſſes upon the criticiſm of church hiſtory.

While this work remained in the hands only

of thoſe I have mentioned, (except, as I have been telling you, to himſelf and to them in private converſation), I have otherwiſe been ſilent upon that ſubject; but I muſt now ſay to you, Sir, that for the world s ſake and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. And you ſee, that it is a digreſſion not neceſſary to that work. If this digreſſion ſhould be made public, it will be cenſured, it muſt be cenſured, it ought to be cenſured. It will be criticiſed too by able pens, whoſe erudition, as well as their reaſonings, will not be eaſily anſwered. In ſuch a caſe I ſhall owe to myſelf and to the world to diſclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to addreſs to me; but I owe to the regard which he has ſometimes expreſſed for me, to diſclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intruſted with his writings, and to recommend to you to ſuppreſs that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intruſted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raiſe new ſtorms to his memory.

I am, Sir,
your very humble ſervant,
HYDE.

LETTER

LETTER DCCCXXVIII.

DAVID MALLET, ESQ; TO LORD HYDE.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED a very real pleaſure, and at the ſame time a ſenſible concern, from the letter your Lordſhip has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an eſtimable and amiable character; but then nothing can occaſion me more uneaſineſs than not to be able to ſuppreſs that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your Lordſhip's letter reached my hands; but this conſideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the truſt repoſed in me, omit or alter any thing in thoſe works, which my Lord Bolingbroke had deliberately prepared for the preſs, and I will publiſh no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it ſhould be printed exactly according to the copy he himſelf, in all the leiſure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your Lordſhip ſhould think it neceſſary to diſclaim the reflections on Sacred Hiſtory, by which I preſume is meant

ſome public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ intirely from thoſe of your noble friend; even in this caſe I am ſure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own diſpoſition, and with all the tenderneſs to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deſerve.

I am, with great reſpect,

my Lord, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

OF

UNCERTAIN DATE.

LETTER I.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT.

Indorſed '1712, *I ſuppoſe.*' *Cluſden, Monday.*

I HAVE had great ſatisfaction in the favour of your letter, though diſappointed ſince not occaſioned by yourſelf. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At firſt I fear'd Mr Collier was taken with a fit of an apoplexy; the next line I read, I wiſhed he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troubleſome where I diſtinguiſhed, you ſhould not want any convenience to bring you hither to Mrs Ramſay and I, who are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be,

Sir, your ſincere humble ſervants,

E. ORKNEY.

ELIZ. RAMSAY.

We deſign to be at Windſor on Wedneſday, where I hope you will meet me in the drawing-room, to tell me when you can dine with us.

LETTER

LETTER II.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR SWIFT.

Monday morning. Indorſed 'I712, I believe.'

I AM ſure you are very ill-natured (I would not have been ſo croſs to you) to have known Mr Lewis and me ſo long, and not have made us acquainted ſooner, when you know too that I have been in ſearch of a reaſonable converſation. I have no way to excuſe you but doubting his to be ſo agreeable at a ſecond meeting, which I deſire you will make when 'tis moſt convenient to both. It is not from cuſtom I ſay I am extremely,

Sir, your humble ſervant,
E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, what does ſhe write to me? I hate a letter as much as my Lord Treaſurer does a petition.

LETTER III.

LORD POULETT TO DR SWIFT.

Sunday afternoon. Indorſed 'Lord Steward, 1713.'

I WAS called away preſently after chapel, upon ſome buſineſs, which hindered my going up ſtairs at St James's, and occaſions Dr Swift the trouble

trouble of this, to make my excuſe for not returning the paper, which I here ſend you; and though it is not in my power to ſerve you in any proportion to my unfeigned reſpects for you, yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity where I can, to expreſs myſelf,

Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

POULETT.

LETTER IV.

MR LEWIS TO DR SWIFT.

Indorſed '1714, *Mr Lewis.*'

I HAVE one letter from you to acknowledge, which I will do very ſoon; in the mean time I ſend this to acquaint you, that if you have not already hid your papers in ſome private place in the hands of a truſty friend, I fear they will fall into the hands of your enemies. Sure you have already taken care in this matter, by which the public prints told you of the proceedings of the great men towards the Earl of Strafford and Mr Prior: However, for greater caution, this is ſent you by ————.

LETTER

LETTER V.

LADY M——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Indorſed 'Feb. 1723-4.'*

'TIS impoſſible for you to imagine with what ſatisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been ſo long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendſhip in one, whoſe goodneſs to me has always been abundantly more than I could deſerve. I had writ often to you; but having no ſafe conveyance, choſe rather to inquire after your health and welfare of ſome people that could give me an account of it. And I do aſſure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a perſon living I have a greater friendſhip for than yourſelf, and ſhall have to the end of my life. Indeed, now I can ſhew it only in expreſſions; but I flatter myſelf you believe them ſincere. I long to ſee you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a moſt hearty welcome, and faithful friends, and none more ſo than her who is

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

H. M———.

My lord, children, brother, and ſiſter are your humble ſervants.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

LORD PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT.

Saturday Evening. Indorſed '1726. *in ſummer.*'

ONE of your Iriſh heroes, that, from the extremity of our Engliſh land, came to deſtroy the wicked brazen project, deſires to meet you on Monday next at Parſons-green. If you re not engaged, I will ſend my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tueſday and Thurſday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to ſee you at his London houſe. On Monday, if I ee you, I will give you a further account.

Your affectionate ſervant,
PETERBOROW.

LETTER VII.

DR SWIFT TO LORD ARRAN.

MY LORD, 1729.

I AM earneſtly deſired, by ſome worthy friends of mine, to write to your Lordſhip in favour f the bearer, Mr Moore, miniſter of Clonmel, ho will have the honour to preſent this letter o your Lordſhip. Thoſe rectorial tythes of lonmel were granted to the church by letters atents from King Charles II. with the perfect knowledge

knowledge and full approbation of your great anceſtor, the firſt Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithſtanding which, ſome of the former agents to your Lordſhip's family have greatly diſtreſſed the incumbent miniſters of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his preſent Grace the Duke your brother, (whom God long preſerve). But your Lordſhip's preſent agent, being extremely vigilent of all your Lordſhip's intereſts, hath lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to thoſe tythes, and was at the laſt aſſizes, after a long hearing of ſix hours, nonſuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largeſt and yet pooreſt pariſhes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houſes) ſcarce with one hundred pounds a-year, out of which, a curate-aſſiſtant being abſolutely neceſſary on account of its extent, a ſalary of forty pounds muſt be paid.

My Lord, your Lordſhip's family hath been always diſtinguiſhed for their favour and protection to the eſtabliſhed church, under her greateſt perſecutions, nor have you in the univerſal opinion ever degenerated from them. Thoſe tythes in and about Clonmel are very inconſiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a-year, made up of very ſmall pittances, collected from a number of the pooreſt people; ſo that the recovery of them by an expenſive law-ſuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting

Mr

Mr Moore is recommended to me by ſeveral perſons of great worth, (as I have already obſerved), and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble requeſt therefore to your Lordſhip is, that the miniſter of Clonmel may, without diſturbance, enjoy that ſmall addition to his ſupport, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always underſtood and believed that the Duke your brother's retiring hath not leſſened your fortune, but increaſed it; and as to his Grace, unleſs all our intelligence be falſe, he is as eaſy as he deſires to be. I heard of ſeveral perſons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his Grace is perfectly eaſy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earneſtly deſire your Lordſhip to reſign thoſe poor ſcraps of tythes in and about Clonmel to Mr Moore and his ſucceſſors in a legal form for ever. Your loſs will be at moſt but twenty-four pounds a-year, and that, with a thouſand difficulties, infinitely below your generoſity and quality.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

TO DR SWIFT.

Indorſed, 'Lady Bolingbroke.'

MR Pope m'a ſait grand plaiſir, Monſieur, de m'aſſurer que votre ſante eſt bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre ſouvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre Dublin pendant que nous, habitons notre Dawley. Nous aurions eu grandſoin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï enſemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car Je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en France, tirée ſoit diſant des idées de Gulliver. Je ne vous les envoye point, car elles ſont deteſtables: Mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a ſi bien reuſſi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en met tant ſeulement ſon nom aux plus mauvaiſes pieces, on les rendroit recommendables au publique. Notre fermier vous embraſſe: il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etez parti ſans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy: mais Je vous croye comme les coquettes, qui ſe fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embaraſſent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous ſeront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aiſement a la premiere eſperance de vous revoir.

Adieu,

Adieu, Monſieur, portez vous bien et nous ſerons content. Je ne m'aviſeray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci : Je ſuis êtrangere de plus en plus, et Je ne ſerois tentée de me faire naturaliſer, que dans ceux où Je pourrois vivre avec vous.

LETTER IX.

DUTCHESS OF HAMILTON TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, *Wedneſday.*

WHEN we were together laſt, I remember we ſpoke of a certain ſtanza, which you ſuſpected me parent of, by reaſon there were ſome things in it, you were ſure I would have ſaid twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promiſed letter had not been ſo long in coming to me. All I can ſay is, I wiſh you had been twelve years ago what I wiſh you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago, to.

Your real friend and humble ſervant,
E. HAMILTON.

LETTER X.

DUKE OF WHARTON TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, *Monday Morning.*

I SHALL embark for England to-morrow. It would be neceſſary for me to take leave of Lord Moleſworth on many accounts; and as Young is engaged in town, I muſt infallibly go alone, unleſs your charity extends itſelf to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would ſend me your anſwer, and believe me ſincerely

Your faithful friend and ſervant,
WHARTON.

P. S. If you condeſcend ſo far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

LETTER XI.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Friday*, 16.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for Mr de Morville, our ſecretay of ſtate, and the other for Mr de Maiſons, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In caſe you reſolve to go by

by Rouen, I will give you ſome letters for a good lady, who lives in her country caſtle juſt by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deſerve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learn'd Engliſh ſince I am in England. All will pay you all the reſpects, and procure all the pleaſures thei are capable off. Thei will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requiſite conveniencies. Vouchſafe to acquaint me with your reſolution, I ſhall certainly do my beſt endeavours to ſerve you, and to let my country know, that I have the ineſtimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the higheſt reſpect and eſteem,

Your moſt humble
obedient faithful ſervant,
VOLTAIRE.

LETTER XII.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE au Comte de MORVILLE, Miniſtre et Secretaire d'Etat a Verſailles.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me ſuis contenté juſqu'icy d'admirer en ſilence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'eſt pas permis a un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous eſt auſſi tendrement attaché que Je le ſuis, de demeurer plus

long temps ſans vous faire ſes ſinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuſer l'honneur que me fait le celebre Monſieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous preſenter une de mes lettres. Je ſai que ſa reputation eſt parvenue juſqu'a vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous eſtimez. Vous aves lu les traductions de pluſieurs ovrages qui luy ſont attribuez. Eh qui eſt plus capable que vous, Monſeigneur, de diſcerner les beautez d'un original a travers la foibleſſe des plus mauvaiſes copies. Je croi que vous ne ſerez pas faché de diner avec Monſieur Swift et Monſieur le preſident Henaut. Et Je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon ſincere attachement a votre perſonne, la liberté que Je prens de vous prefenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de ſentir toutte l'étendüe de vos grandes qualitez.

Je ſuis pour toutte ma vie avec un profond reſpect et un attachement remply de la plus haute eſtime,

Monſeigneur, votre tres humble
et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
VOLTAIRE.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH *.

Auguſt 1. 1714.

WHO told you I was going to Bath? No ſuch thing. I had fixed to ſet out to-morrow for Ireland, but poor Lord Oxford deſires I will go with him to Herefordſhire, and only expect his anſwer whether I ſhall go there before, or meet him hereabouts; or to Wimple (his ſon's houſe) and ſo go with him down; and I expect to leave this in two or three days one way or other. I will ſtay with him till the parliament meets again, if he deſires it. I am not of your opinion about Lord Bolingbroke; perhaps he may get the ſtaff, but I cannot rely on his love to me: He knew I had a mind to be hiſtoriographer, though I valued it not, but for the public ſervice, yet it is gone to a worthleſs rogue that nobody knows. I am writ to earneſtly by ſomebody to come to town, and join with thoſe people now in power, but I will not do it. Say nothing of this, but gueſs the perſon. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him, when he was out; and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuſe him. I meddle not with his faults,

* Miſs Eſther Vanhomrigh, whom the Dean celebrated by the name of Vaneſſa. For an account of this Lady, and her epiſtolary correſpondence with the Dean, ſee his life prefixed to Bathurſt's edition of his works.

faults, as he was a miniſter of ſtate; but you know his perſonal kindneſs to me was exceſſive: He diſtinguiſhed and choſe me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the moſt moving imaginable. When I am fixed any where, perhaps I may be ſo gracious to let you know, but I will not promiſe. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH *.

Aug. 12. 1714.

I HAD your letter laſt poſt, and before you can ſend me another, I ſhall ſet out for Ireland. I muſt go and take the oaths; and the ſooner the better. If you are in Ireland when I am there, I ſhall ſee you very ſeldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified an hundred degrees. Theſe are rigorous laws that muſt

* It appears by a letter of the Dean's to Miſs Eſther Vanhomrigh, that ſhe was very uneaſy on account of her mother's debts, who died 1714; fearing that when the year was out, ſhe would be obliged to ſatisfy the creditors. But the Dean tells her, "You can pay only what you "receive, you are anſwerable for no more." He tells her, that if ſhe wants to borrow money, ſhe may ſend to Mr Barber or Ben. Tooke, which ſhe pleaſes, and let them know, that whatever ſum ſhe wants he will ſtand bound for.

muſt be paſſed through: But it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or if not, leave all to fate, that ſeldom comes to humour our inclinations. I ſay all this out of the perfect eſteem and friendſhip I have for you. Theſe public misfortunes have altered all my meaſures, and broke my ſpirits. God Almighty bleſs you. I ſhall, I hope, be on horſeback in a day after this comes to your hand. I would not anſwer your queſtions for a million: Nor can I think of them with any eaſe of mind. Adieu.

LETTER XV.

PART OF A LETTER OF VANESSA'S FROM DUBLIN, IN 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would ſay. I wiſh you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in ſeeing and adviſing an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unſupportable. You have taught me to diſtinguiſh, and then you leave me miſerable. Now, all I beg is, that you will, for once, counterfeit (ſince you cannot otherwiſe) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of theſe difficulties.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be eaſy and you would ſee me as often as you could. You had better have ſaid, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations ſo much; or as often as you remembered there was ſuch a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneaſy by me long. It is impoſſible to deſcribe what I have ſuffered ſince I ſaw you laſt. I am ſure I could have bore the rack much better, than thoſe killing killing words of your's. Sometimes I have reſolved to die without ſeeing you more; but thoſe reſolves, to your misfortune, did not laſt long. For there is ſomething in human nature, that prompts one ſo to find relief in this world. I muſt give way to it: And beg you'd ſee me and ſpeak kindly to me, for I am ſure you'd not condemn any one to ſuffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reaſon I write to you is, becauſe I cannot tell it to you ſhould I ſee you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is ſomething in your looks ſo awful, that it ſtrikes me dumb. Oh that you may have but ſo much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your ſoul with pity! I ſay as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am ſure it would

would move you to forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this and live *.

LETTER XVII.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

May 12. 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens ſur votre perfection dans la langue Francoiſe. Il faut vous connoitre long temps avant de connoitre toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroit des nouvelles, qui eſtoient auparavant cachées; il eſt honteux pour moy de ne ſcarvoir que le gaſcon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien a redire dans l'ortographie, la proprieté, l'elegance, le douceur et l'eſprit. Et que je ſuis ſot moy de vous repondre en meſme langage, vous qui eſtes incapable d'aucune ſottiſe, ſi ce n'eſt l'eſtime qu'il vous plaiſt d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout

* A letter from Dr Swift, dated Philipſtown, Nov. 5. 1714, ſays, that he was going to a friend upon a promiſe, being then a mile from Trim, when Miſs Vanhomrigh's ſervant overtook him with a letter. She was then at Kildrohid, and would go to town on the Monday following, to her lodging in Turnſtile-Alley. He concludes thus: "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can ſay "no more. Nor ſhall you know where I am till I come, "and then I will ſee you. A fig for your letters and "meſſages. Adieu."

tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, Je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon ſens, l'eſprit, le douceur, l'agrement et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que J'ay l'honneur de vous connoitre, J'ay toujours remarqué que ni en converſation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit etre mieux exprimé. Et Je vous jure, qu'en faiſant ſouvent la plus ſevere critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun defaut en vos actions, ni en vos parroles: La coquetrie l'affectation, la pruderie ſont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il eſt poſſible de ne vous eſtimer au deſſus du reſte du genre humain. Quelles beſtes en jupes ſont les plus excellentes de celles, que Je vois ſemées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, Je dis cent fois le jour; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne penſez, ne faites rien comme ces miſerables. Quelle calamité de faire mepriſer au tans de gens, qui ſans ſonger de vous, ſeroient aſſez ſupportables: mais il eſt temps de vous delaſſer, et de vous dire adieu: avec tout le reſpect, la ſincerité, et l'eſtime du monde Je, ſuis et ſeray toujours.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmoſt regret that I now complain to you, becauſe I know your good nature is ſuch, that you cannot ſee any human creature miſerable without being ſenſibly touched. Yet what can I do? I muſt either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or ſink under the inexpreſſible diſtreſs I now ſuffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks ſince I ſaw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuſe. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by ſeverities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, I beheld myſelf the cauſe of uneaſy reflections to you; yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to leſſen the inexpreſſible paſſion which I have for ———. Put my paſſion under the utmoſt reſtraint; ſend me as diſtant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot baniſh thoſe charming ideas which will ever ſtick by me, whilſt I have the uſe of memory: Nor is the love I bear you only ſeated in my ſoul; for there is not a ſingle atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourſelf that ſepara-

tion will ever change my ſentiments: for I find myſelf unquiet in the midſt of ſilence, and my heart is at once pierced with ſorrow and love. For heaven's ſake, tell me what has cauſed this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the leaſt remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not. Tell it ſo that it may cauſe my preſent death; and do not ſuffer me to live a life like a languiſhing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have loſt any of your tenderneſs for me.

LETTER XIX.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it poſſible, that again you will do the very ſame thing I warned you of ſo late? I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you the other night, that I would peſter you with letters. Once more I adviſe you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly; for I do aſſure you I have too much ſpirit to ſit down contented with this treatment: becauſe I love frankneſs extremely. I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all thoſe fail, I am reſolved to have a recourſe to the black one, which, it is ſaid, never does.

does. Now ſee what inconveniency you will bring both yourſelf and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come off yourſelf, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the moſt agreeable engagement in the world? For when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

LETTER XX.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do, I ſhall come the ſeldomer, on purpoſe to be pleaſed with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can poſſibly write ſo well. You are miſtaken: Send me a letter without your hand on the outſide, and I hold you a crown I ſhall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reaſons, that I ſhould make your houſe a ſort of conſtant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beſide yourſelf, for not ſeeing them. For the reſt, you need make uſe of no other black art beſides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have ſaid the ſame: But you

are a white witch, and can do no miſchief. If you have employed any of your art on the black ſcarf, I defy it, for one reaſon—gueſs. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

I RECEIVED your letter when ſome company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in ſuch confuſion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does buſineſs for me, told me ſhe heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Maſter ——— and I viſited you; and that the Archbiſhop did ſo; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this naſty town, and told you ſo: And that was the reaſon why I ſaid to you long ago, that I would ſee you ſeldom when you were in Ireland; and I muſt beg you to be eaſy, if, for ſome time, I viſit you ſeldomer, and not in ſo particular a manner. I will ſee you at the latter end of the week, if poſſible. Theſe are accidents in life that are neceſſary, and muſt be ſubmitted to; and tattle, by the help of diſcretion, will wear off.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

MISS VANHOMRIGH TO DR SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

TELL me ſincerely, if you have once wiſhed with earneſtneſs to ſee me, ſince I wrote to you: No, ſo far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was diſtreſſed. Solitude is inſupportable to a mind which is not eaſy. I have worn out my days in ſighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of ——— who thinks not of me. How many letters ſhall I ſend you before I receive an anſwer? Can you deny me, in my miſery, the only comfort which I can expect at preſent? Oh! that I could hope to ſee you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent paſſions, which terminate all in one, that inexpreſſible paſſion I have for you. Conſider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and ſhew ſome tenderneſs for me, or I ſhall loſe my ſenſes. Sure you cannot poſſibly be ſo much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to ſo great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no human creature is capable of gueſſing at, becauſe never any one living thought like you), I ſhould find you had often, in a rage, wiſhed me religious, hoping then I ſhould have paid my devotions to

heaven: But that would not ſpare you; for were I an enthuſiaſt, ſtill you'd be the deity I ſhould worſhip. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at preſent every where: Your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you ſtrike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: At other times a charming compaſſion ſhines through your countenance, which revives my ſoul. Is it not more reaſonable to adore a radiant form one has ſeen, than one only deſcribed?

LETTER XXIII.

Part of an anſwer from CADENUS TO VANESSA *.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in ſending letters to you, it would remove five parts in ſix of your quarrel. But ſince you lay hold of my promiſes, and are ſo exact to the day, I ſhall promiſe you no more, and rather chuſe to be better than my word than worſe. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue ſo while you are in it. I wonder what Mobkin † meant by ſhewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, ſince

* This letter has no date; but it muſt have been written in the life-time of Miſs Mary Vanhomrigh, Vaneſſa's ſiſter, who died in 1717, becauſe ſhe is deſired to mind her nurſe-keeping.

† Miſs Mary Vanhomrigh.

ſince ſhe can keep ſecrets no better. It was the firſt love-letter I have writ theſe dozen years; and ſince I have ſo ill ſucceſs, I will write no more. Never was a belle paſſion ſo defeated. But the gover nor, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vaſt deal to ſay to me about it. Mind your nurſe-keeping: Do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in love, by dating your letter Auguſt 29. by which means I received it juſt a month before it was written. You do not find I anſwer your queſtions to your ſatisfaction: Prove to me firſt that it was even poſſible to anſwer any thing to your ſatisfaction, ſo as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: And I am ſure it coſts me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yeſterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I aſked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wiſh your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no conſequence, if they were dropped by careleſs meſſengers. A ſtroke —— ſignifies every thing that may be ſaid to Cad ——— at beginning or concluſion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by Cad —— ſhould be difficult to Skinage.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

October 15. 1720.

I SIT down with the firſt opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to ſend this letter, for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent viſits, below any man of ſenſe or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners, and afternoons, and evenings, are ſpent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid ſpleen, as far as I can: So that when I am not ſo good a correſpondent as I could wiſh, you are not to quarrel and be gorvernor; but to impute it to my ſituation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the ſame reſpect and kindneſs for you I ever profeſſed to have, and ſhall ever preſerve, becauſe you will always merit the utmoſt that can be given you, eſpecially if you go on to read and ſtill further improve your mind, and the talents that nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more, becauſe I am ſure you are ſo too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our ſakes, and read pleaſant things that will make you laugh, and not ſit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little ſtool by the fire. It is moſt infallible that riding would do Mobkin more good then any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided; And ſo it would to you; and if you loſe any ſkin, you know Job ſays,

ſays, ſkin for ſkin will a man give for his life. It is either Job or Satan ſays ſo, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this curſed town, for want of exerciſe. I wiſh I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was ſitting laſt night with half a ſcore of both ſexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows ſilly and diſagreeable, or I grow monkiſh and ſplenetic; which is the ſame thing. Converſation is full of nothing but South-ſea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and ſcarcity of money.

LETTER XXV.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Gallſtown, near Kinnegad, July 5. 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly poſſible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary deſire to do it, conſidering the diſpoſition I found you in laſt; though I hope I left you in a better. I muſt here beg you take more care of your health by company and exerciſe, or elſe the ſpleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more fooliſh or troubleſome diſeaſe, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence againſt it. Cadenus —— aſſures me, he continues to eſteem, and love, and value you above all things, and ſo will do to the

end

end of his life; but, at the ſame time, intreats that you would not make yourſelf or him unhappy by imaginations. The wiſeſt men of all ages have thought it the beſt courſe to ſeize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amuſement. If you knew how I ſtruggle for a little health, what uneaſineſs I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taſte, you would think it but a ſmall thing to take a coach now and then, and to converſe with fools and impertinents to avoid ſpleen and ſickneſs. Without health you will loſe all deſire of drinking coffee, and be ſo low as to have no ſpirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expoſtulations, or elſe Cadenus ſhall know it and puniſh you. What is this world without being as eaſy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more ſilly and inſignificant, and I conform myſelf to it for my own eaſe. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches as if they were my own concern; and think of my abſent friends with delight, and hopes of ſeeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have ſo much honour and good ſenſe, act otherwiſe, to make Cad——— and yourſelf miſerable. Settle your affairs, and quit this ſcoundrel iſland, and things will be as you deſire. I can ſay no more, being called away. *Mais ſoyez aſſuree, que jamais perſonne au monde n'a ete aimee, honoree, eſtimee, odoree par votre ami que vous.* I

have

ıve drank no coffee ſince I left you, nor intend till I ſee you again: There is none worth rinking but your's, if myſelf may be the judge. ıdieu.

LETTER XXVI.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Clogher, June the 1ſt, 1722.

THE weather has been ſo conſtantly bad, that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it ſeems likely to continue ſo. It would have been infinitely better once a-week to have met at Kendal, and ſo forth, where one might paſs three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tete a-tete*, drinking coffee again till ſeven. God ſend you through your law-ſuit and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: And remember the china in the old houſe, and Rider-ſtreet, and the Colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the ſick lady at Kenſington, and the indiſpoſition at Windſor, and the ſtrain by the box of books at London. Laſt year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts

thoughts were ſtill the ſame.—*Croyez que je ſerais toujours tout ce que vous deſirez.* Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

DR SWIFT TO VANESSA.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13. 1722.

I AM well pleaſed with the account of your viſit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I ſee every day as ſilly things among both ſexes, and yet endure them for the ſake of amuſement. The worſt thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to pleaſe; and whether we have not made ourſelves ſo, is the queſtion, at leaſt I believe we have the ſame reaſon. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my beſt friends I believe you have ten angry paſſages in your letter, and every one of them enough to ſpoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiouſly in one point: I fly from the ſpleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diverſions of your country-houſe, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The uſe I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of hiſtory and travels. I wiſh you would get yourſelf a horſe, and have always two ſervants to attend you, and viſit your neighbours; the worſe the better: There is a pleaſure in being reverenced;

reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your ſuperiority of ſenſe, and an eaſy fortune. The beſt maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be eaſy without it, while you continue to be ſplenetick, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I ſympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a-week, is neceſſary to that. I can ſincerely anſwer all your queſtions as I uſed to do; but then I give all poſſible way to amuſements, becauſe they preſerve my temper, as exerciſe does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have ſhifted ſcenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds ſince I left town, and always drew up the cloaths with my left hand; which is a ſuperſtition I have learned theſe ten years. I long to ſee you in figure and equipage. Pray do not loſe that taſte. Farewel.

LETTER XXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

Auguſt 7. 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my preſent reſidence; and if I fix any where ſhall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies a-ſleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is

it among the groves and fields of your country-ſeat, or among your couſins in town; or thinking in a train that will be ſure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teaſing concluſions from miſtaken thoughts? The beſt companion for you is a philoſopher; whom you would regard as much as a ſermon. I have read more traſh ſince I left you, than would fill all your ſhelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I ſcarce remember a ſyllable. What a fooliſh thing is time; and how fooliſh is man, who would be as angry if time ſtopt as if it paſſed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myſelf faſt into the ſpleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

LETTER XXIX.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

DEAR JACK, *Gallſtown, Sept.* 14. 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to ſay at preſent. I believe I ſhall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never ſaw or heard of ſo long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from ſeveral little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in ſpite of the rain, in

ſpite

ſpite of a broken ſkin, and falling into the lakes, and ſeveral other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Litchfield man? Hath he mended his voice, or is he content to ſit down with his Chriſt-church preferment? I doubt Mrs Brent will be at a loſs about her induſtry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a liſt drawn of the debtors. I know you are ſuch a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I deſire that you would, in a looſe ſheet of paper, make a ſurvey-liſt in your bungling manner, as ſoon as ſhe wants it, and let that ſerve till I come. Preſent my ſervice to Mrs Worrall, I wonder how you and ſhe and your heir have ſpent the ſummer, and how often you have been at Dunleary, and whether you have got her another horſe, and whether ſhe hates dying and the country as much as ever.—Deſire Mrs Brent, if a meſſenger goes from hence, to give him my fuſtian waiſtcoat, becauſe the mornings grow cold. I have now and then ſome threatenings with my head; but have never been abſolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray ſend them incloſed to the poſt-office. I hear you have let your houſe to Mrs Dopping, who will be a good tenant, if ſhe lives. I ſuppoſe your new houſe is finiſhed, and if Mrs Worrall does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, becauſe it will do the buſineſs better than a boat at Dalky. I hope you have ordered an account of abſent vicars, and that

their behaviour has not been ſo bad as uſual during my ſickneſs in town; if ſo, I have but an ill ſub-dean.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs Brent, that, if Loyd agrees, I will be glad one of his hogſheads was left unrack'd.

LETTER XXX.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Quilca, July the 12th 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourſelf, who would have been at ſo much trouble to aſſiſt me, and who could have ſo good ſucceſs, which I take as kindly as if you had ſaved me from utter ruin. Although I have witneſſes that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was ſure I was not worth a groat, beſides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, (except this laſt quarter), and if I loſe it, it is a trifle in compariſon of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr Pratt hath acted very generouſly, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewiſe good witneſſes to ſwear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And ſo repeating my thanks to you, but

but not able to expreſs them as I ought, I ſhall ſay no more on this ſubject, only that you may inquire where the money may be ſafely put out at ſix pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the intereſt of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. ——All of conſequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds. I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan, the critic, ſays the cocks, are too large, conſidering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know beſt.

Mrs Johnſton ſays you are an ill manager; for you have loſt me above three hundred apples, and only ſaved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the ——— from the wall-fruit *. You have got ſo ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuſe; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it ſhould coſt me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you pleaſe, as it muſt likewiſe be new-dunged, as good huſbandry requires; friend Ellis will aſſiſt you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sherriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr Pratt ſignifies nothing, if I muſt loſe ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs Johnſton's money,

* In Naboth's Vineyard.

and ſhe thanks you for your care; and ſays, conſidering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money-matters I am the greateſt cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days theſe twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs Johnſon, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yeſterday a very bad day; ſhe is now much better. They both preſent their humble ſervice to Mrs Worrall, and ſo do I, and I am ever

Your's, &c.

Joe, who brings you this, deſired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refuſed; but ſaid, if he would leave the worth of it in ſoap and candles in the deanry-houſe, Mrs Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray deſire Mrs Brent to have ready a hogſhead of bottles packed up as uſual, of the ſame wine with the laſt ſhe ſent, and the next carrier ſhall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs Brent take out what candles or ſoap are neceſſary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Joe may have them; I mean out of thoſe boxes which he

he is to leave at the deanry for my ſecurity for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

LETTER XXXI.

DR SWIFT TO the REV. MR WORRALL.

In Ship-ſtreet, Quilca, Aug. 27. 1725.

I WAS heartily ſorry to hear you had got the gout, being a diſeaſe you have ſo little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your diſeaſe, ſince it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an inſtrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to ſhew your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in ſuch a manner, as to end in your preſent diſeaſe.

I have not yet heard of Mr Webb, and if he ſhould come here, I can do nothing with him; for I ſhall not take my own judgment, but leave it to ſome able lawyer to judge and recommend the ſecurity; for now it is time for me to learn ſome worldly wiſdom.

I thank you for the purchaſe you have made of Briſtow beer; it will ſoon pay for itſelf, by ſaving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafneſs hath left me above three weeks, and

and therefore I expect a viſit from it ſoon; and it is ſomewhat leſs vexatious here in the country, becauſe none are about me but thoſe who are uſed to it.

Mrs Worrall's obſervation is like herſelf; ſhe is an abſolute corrupted city-lady, and does not know the pleaſures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar than a country-palace.

I would fain have a ſhed thrown up in the fartheſt corner of Naboth's vineyard, towards the lower end of Shebb's garden, till I can find leiſure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the ſummer, and it will have ſome very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan the papers corrected, and I think half ſpoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promiſed to tranſcribe them time enough; and my deſire is they may be ready to be publiſhed upon the firſt day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it may be ſent unknown (as uſual) to ſome printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a ſop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we muſt have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of

of October, if my occaſions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be ſeen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be ſlaves as uſual, and led where the government pleaſes.

My humble ſervice to Mrs Worrall. The ladies preſent theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXII.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. the 31ſt, 1725.

I HAVE your's of the 28th. I am ſtill to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I ſhall not want the ſilver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unleſs extreme good weather ſhall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I ſuppoſe you and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan, will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the preſs broke, and let her be ſatisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs Johnſon does not underſtand what you mean by her ſtamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but ſuppoſes it is ſome jeſt.

The

The ladies are well; all our ſervices to Mrs Worrall. Mrs Dingley at laſt diſcovered the meaning of the ſtamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needleſs.

Pray pay Joe Beaumont four pounds for a horſe I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When Joe brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him ſix pounds eight ſhillings.

LETTER XXXIII.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRAL.

London, April 16. 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ ſeveral times to the ladies, and ſhall ſoon do ſo again. I ſend you incloſed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at ſea; you will be ſo kind to get it out of the cuſtom-houſe. Mr Medlicot will make it eaſy, if there ſhould be any difficulties. My humble ſervice to Mrs Worrall and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can ſay no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Aug. 15. 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I ſet out for Ireland. I deſired you would ſend me a letter to Cheſter. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be in Dublin with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I ſhall ſtay two days at Cheſter, unleſs I can contrive to have my box ſent after me. I hope I ſhall be with you by the end of Auguſt; but however, if I am not with you by the ſecond of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I deſire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it ſignifies nothing. I expect to be very miſerable when I come, but I ſhall be prepared for it. I deſired you would write to me to Cheſter, which I hope you will do, and pray hinder Dr Sheridan from writing to you any more.

This is all I have to ſay to you at preſent.

I am, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 4. 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my viſitation, but becauſe in theſe circumſtances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beaſt Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing ſince Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble ſervice to our friends, as uſual.

LETTER XXXVI.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 13. 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and ſhould never have done if I returned you thanks ſo often as I ought for your care and kindneſs; both my diſorders ſtill continue; however, I deſire that Mrs Brent may make things ready, for my raggedneſs will ſoon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are ſo kind to ſpeak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafneſs

leafneſs is not ſo extreme as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs Worrall.

I ſend you incloſed the fruit of my illneſs, to make an Intelligencer; I deſire you will incloſe it in a letter to Mrs Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and deſire her to ſhew it to the author of the Intelligencer, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verſes, which letter is grounded on a report; and if that report be falſe, the former part of the letter will be unſeaſonable, but the latter will not; and therefore the Intelligencer muſt be deſired to alter it accordingly.

It ſhould be ſent ſoon, to come time enough for the next Intelligencer.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs Harding, deſire her to make her people be more correct, and that the Intelligencer himſelf may look over it, for that every body who reads thoſe papers, are very much offended with the continual nonſenſe made by her printers.

I am your's,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXVII.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR WORRALL.

Market-hill, Jan. 18. 1728-9.

I HAVE your's of the 14th inſtant, but you had not then received my laſt, in which was incloſed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have diſpoſed of as deſired. My diſorder ſtill continues the ſame for this fortnight paſt, and I am neither better nor worſe. However, I reſolve to return on the firſt mending of the weather; theſe three laſt days there being as violent a ſtorm as I have known, which ſtill continues: We have been told my Lord Martcaſſell is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is ſo tender, and affects ſo much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which coſt me ſix ſhillings and fourpence; it conſiſted of the probate of a will in Leiceſterſhire, and of two incloſed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, ſhe brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I ſhould be in love with her; but when I went to London, ſhe married an innkeeper in Loughborow, in that county, by whom ſhe had ſeveral children. The old mother

ther died, and left all that ſhe had to her daughter aforeſaid, ſeparate from her huſband. This woman (my miſtreſs with a pox) left ſeveral children, who are all dead but one daughter, Ann by name. This Ann, for it muſt be ſhe, about ſeven years ago writ to me from London, to tell me ſhe was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my miſtreſs's name, till ſhe was married to one Perkins, inn-keeper, at the George in Loughborow, as I ſaid before. The ſubject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Iriſhman, who pretended to be barrack-maſter-general of Ireland, and deſired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to inquire about this Iriſhman. I anſwered, that I knew him not, but ſuppoſed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones, alias Perkins, to let me know, that her daughter, Ann Giles, married an Iriſhman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up ſome debts due to her huſband, which ſhe could not get; that the young widow (for her huſband Giles is dead) hath a mind to ſettle in Ireland, and to deſire I would lend her daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England; and Mrs Giles writes me a letter to that purpoſe. She intends to take a ſhop, and will borrow the money from Mrs Brent, (whoſe name ſhe hath learned), and pay me as others do. I was at firſt determined to deſire you would, from me,

make her a preſent of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother uſed to call couſin. She hath ſent me an atteſted copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, coſt me ſix ſhillings and fourpence. But I am in much doubt; for, by her mother's letters, ſhe is her heireſs, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, alias Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all ſhe had, as a ſeparate maintenance from her huſband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why ſhe would let her only daughter and heireſs come to Ireland, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in ſome way. The woman's name is Ann Giles, ſhe lodges at one Mrs Willmot's, the firſt houſe in Moleſworth-court, on the right hand, in Fiſhamble-ſtreet. I have told you this long ſtory, to deſire you will ſend for the woman, this Ann Giles, and examine her ſtrictly, to find if ſhe be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, alias Perkins, or no, and how her mother, who is ſo well able, came to ſend her in ſo miſerable a condition to Ireland. The errand is ſo romantic, that I know not what to ſay to it, I would be ready to ſacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I ſuſpect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember ſhe ſpells like a kitchen-maid. And ſo I end this worthy buſineſs.

My bookſeller, Mr Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr Hyde; there are ſome accounts

counts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He hath deſired me to ſpeak to Mr Hyde's executors to ſtate the account, that Mr Motte may be in a way to recover the balance. I wiſh you would ſtep to Mr Hyde's houſe, and inquire how that matter ſtands, and how Mr Motte is to be paid. I ſuppoſe Mr Hyde died in good circumſtances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors ſuffering by his death.

I incloſe a letter to Mr Motte, which you will be ſo kind to ſend to the poſt-office.

I deſire likewiſe that you will make Mrs Brent buy a bottle of uſquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir Arthur Acheſon's houſe in Capel-ſtreet, and deſire her to deliver it to Captain Creichton, who lodges at the Pyed Horſe, in Capel-ſtreet, and is to bring down other things to my Lady Acheſon.

My moſt humble ſervice to Mrs Worrall, Mrs Dingley, and love to Mrs Brent.

I wiſh you all a happy new-year.

LETTER XXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO JOHN TEMPLE, ESQ;

SIR, *Dublin*, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your couſin, Mrs Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleaſed to hear of your wel-

fare, but a little mortified that you did not mention or inquire after her. She is quite ſunk with years and unwieldineſs; as well as a very ſcanty ſupport. I ſometimes make her a ſmall preſent, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her neareſt relations conſider her in the leaſt.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir Peter Lilly's beſt manner, and the drapery all in the ſame hand. I ſhall think myſelf very well paid for it, if you will be ſo good as to order ſome mark of your favour to Mrs Dingley. I do not mean a penſion, but a ſmall ſum to put her for once out of debt: And if I live any time, I ſhall ſee that ſhe keep herſelf clear of the world: For ſhe is a woman of as much piety and diſcretion as I have known.

I am ſorry to have been ſo much a ſtranger to the ſtate of your family. I know nothing of your Lady, or what children you have, or any other circumſtances; neither do I find that Mr Hatch † can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-houſe at Moor-Park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved thoſe words,

* Picture of Lady Giffard, ſiſter of Sir William Temple.

† Mr Hatch of Dublin was agent for Mr Temple's affairs in Ireland, as well as for the eſtate of his brother Henry Lord Palmerſtown, to whom the Dean wrote an angry letter in 1725.

ords, *factum nepotibus umbram*, is one of thoſe ims that ſtand in the hollow ground juſt be- ore the houſe: But I ſuppoſe the letters are ridened and grown ſhapeleſs by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than hat he hath an Iriſh title, (I ſhould be ſorry to ee you with ſuch a feather), and that ſome rea- on or other drew us into a correſpondence, vhich was very rough. But I have forgot what vas the quarrel.

This letter goes by my Lord Caſtledurrow, vho is a gentleman of very good ſenſe and wit. I ſuſpect, by taking his ſon with him, that he leſigns to ſee us no more. I deſire to preſent ny moſt humble ſervice to your Lady *, with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble faithful ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* Mr Temple's Lady was grand-daughter of Sir William Temple, by his only ſon, who died young. She was co-heireſs with Dorothy, wife of Nicholas Brown, of Shrubblandhall in Suffolk, Eſq;

LETTER XXXIX.

TO DR SHERIDAN *, ON A LITERALIA SCHEME OF WRITING.

SIR,

AS you are a famous inſtructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all uſeful inventions,

* Swift was naturally fond of ſeeing his works in print; and he was encouraged in this fondneſs by his friend Dr Sheridan, who had the *cacoethes ſcribendi* to the greateſt degree, and was continually letting off ſquibs, rockets, and all ſorts of little fire-works from the preſs: By which means he offended many particular perſons, who, although they ſtood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor, by nature the moſt peaceable, inoffenſive man alive, was in a continual ſtate of warfare with the minor poets; and they revenged themſelves, or, in the ſtyle of Mr Bayes, often gave him 'flaſh for flaſh,' and 'often ſinged his feathers.' The affection between Theſeus and Pirithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan. But the friendſhip that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from thoſe which united the two modern divines. As in a former letter I drew a picture of Swift's wife, let me here give you ſome ſketches of Swift's friend.

Dr Sheridan was a ſchoolmaſter, and, in many inſtances, perfectly well adapted for that ſtation. He was deeply verſed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their cuſtoms and antiquities. He had that kind of good-nature which abſence of mind, indolence of body, and careleſſneſs of fortune, produce; and although not over ſtrict in his own

ventions, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented the unneceſſary loſs of time we ſuffer in tranſcribing our thoughts by dividing our words into ſyllables, and writing the vowels at length, which ſo frequently occur; that although they be but five, yet, by occurring ſo frequently as they do, they double our labour; beſides

own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his ſcholars, whom he ſent to the univerſity remarkably well grounded in all claſſical learning, and not ill inſtructed in the ſocial duties of life. He was ſlovenly, indigent, and cheerful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money leaſt of all. In this ſituation, and with this diſpoſition, Swift faſtened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himſelf, whenever his appetite ſhould prompt him. Sheridan, therefore, was kept conſtantly within his reach: And the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was to take poſſeſſion of a living in the county of Corke, which had been beſtowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the preſent Earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. You will find the ſtory told by Swift himſelf, in Vol. XI. p. 320. So that here I need only tell you, that this ill-ſtarred, good natured, improvident man, returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even baniſhed from the caſtle. But ſtill he remained a punſter, a quibbler, a fiddler, and a wit. Not a day paſſed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddleſtick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpoſe, if we may give credit to the following verſes, which ſhall ſerve as the concluſion to his poetical character.

With muſic and poetry equally bleſs'd,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſs'd:

Great

beſides the great loſs of paper, pens, and ink, which many among the learned are not ſo well able to ſpare.

I confeſs, that, in this polite and learned age of our's, many laudable attempts have been made for ſome remedy againſt this evil; partly by abbreviating words with apoſtrophes, and partly by lopping

Great author of poetry, muſic, and light,
Inſtructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day.
My tunes are neglected, my verſe flung away.
Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo *, diſdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains.
Thy manual ſign he refuſes to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief; or reward to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany † tranſcendently ſhine,
O! brighten one ſolo, or ſonnet of mine.
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I requeſt.
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and, reſolving to jeſt,
Replied, Honeſt friend, I've conſider'd your caſe,
Nor diſlike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works ſhall continue, and here's the receipt,
On a *roundos* ‡ hereafter your fiddleſticks ſpend,
Write verſes in circles, they never ſhall end.

ORRERY.

See a further account of Dr Sheridan in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to Vol. I.

* Dr Swift.

† Now Dean of Downe——See Swift's will, Vol. XI.

‡ A ſong or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the firſt verſe, and ſo continues in a perpetual rotation.

lopping the polyſyllables, leaving only one or two at moſt; as thus, 'Tis 'n't, 'tn't, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep', phiz, and many more. But alas, theſe are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the diſeaſe.

My ſcheme is much more uſeful and extenſive: Although I confeſs myſelf not to be altogether the original inventor. For I obſerve, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at White's chocolate houſe, have ſome imperfect idea of it; and I have ſeen ſome inſtances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By theſe examples, I have theſe nine years paſt been conſidering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other; as ſchoolmiſtreſſes teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books; which is in this manner: A, Be, *or* Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each, *or* Ach, I, *or* Eye, Ka, *or* Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee, *or* Pe, Qu, or Cue, Are, *or* Err, Eſs, Tee, *or* Tea, U, *or* You, Double U, *or* Doule You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I ſay, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houſes have already ſome imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The ſame thing alſo men of buſineſs are not ignorant of; for thus three vowels ſhall ſtand, with the ſum affixed, for a good promiſſory note, I O U 20 £.

In ſhort, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught firſt to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and ſix letters ſhall go as far as ten. This is only for diſpatch in writing; of which take the following

lowing ſpecimens. But I have materials for a treatiſe to contract words in ſpeaking, which, as this finds encouragement, I ſhall publiſh afterwards.

A LETTER TO YOUR MISTRESS.

DR in ur a but; I ſtm u a dit. Ur mpr ndurus. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur a gm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c h ꝑ t k a r o ur i, I c q u a r med. U r etn; ur yy. U r aprs. I c a pr þ for u. I dſir ur pt, ur gnroſet; ur prſpquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur xlnes apr. Ur a qrioet. Ritr nobls ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but dſis apls a pnir. I c ur but pres ur nmi.

ANOTHER LETTER IN THE LITERALIA STYLE.

BT, ur nt; u defil ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqqs u. Q pd d fi i u. U r r mprs. U th kt. O g m ni! u a thr. u th a br. Ur ri. I d fi u. I ſk p u. I ſq u. I k tquis u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U rſmbl ur ldr eſtr kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Squir. B guptr l c ur gloc. Qep ur tmpr.

A PUNNING EPISTLE ON MONEY.

WORTHY MR PENNYFEATHER,

MADAM Johnſton has been very ill uſed by her ſervants; they put ſhillings into her broth inſtead of groats, which made her ſtamp. I hear they had them from one Tom Ducket, a tenant of Major Noble, who, I am told, is reduced to ninepence. We are doubting whether we ſhall dine at the Crown or the Angel. Honeſt Mark Cob, who has been much moydored of late, will dine with us; but 'Squire Manypenny, and Captain Sterling, deſire to be excuſed, for they are engaged with Ned Silver to dine in Change-alley. They live in great har-mony; they met altogether laſt week, and ſat as lovingly as horſes in a pound. I ſuppoſe you have heard of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was caſh-erred on Wedneſday. A ſcavenger abuſed me this morning; but I made him down with his duſt, which indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs Brent had a pi-ſtole from her; I would a'ginny'e a good deal for ſuch another. Mrs Dingley has made a ſouſe for your collard eel. Alderman Coin preſents his ſervice to you. I have nothing but half pens to write with, ſo that you muſt excuſe this ſcrawl. One of my ſeals fell into a chink. I am, without allay,

Your moſt obedient,

TOM MITE

P. S.

P. S. Mr Cole preſents his ſervice to you, of which I am a-teſter.

LETTER XL.

FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO HIS FRIEND IN TOWN.

De te
Fabula narratur.

SIR,

AS you have been pleaſed very generouſly to honour me with your friendſhip, I think myſelf obliged to throw off all diſguiſe, and diſcover to you my real circumſtances; which I ſhall do with all the openneſs and freedom imaginable. You will be ſurpriſed at the beginning of my ſtory, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parſon of the pariſh to teſtify the ſame.

You muſt know, then, that at this preſent time I live in a poor, little, ſorry houſe of clay, that ſtands upon the waſte, as other cottages do; and, what is worſt of all, I am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a ſort of a copyhold-tenure; and the cuſtom of the manor is this: For the firſt thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do ſuit and ſervice, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a-week, and ſometimes oftener: For twenty years after this,

this, I am to pay a roſe every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth (which you will ſay is a whimſical kind of acknowledgment) every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: And when I have nothing more to pay, OUT muſt be the word, and it will not be long ere my perſon will be ſeized. I might have had my tenement (ſuch as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and ſo forfeited this great privilege, to my ſorrow I am ſure. But however, I muſt do as well as I can, and ſhall endeavour to keep my houſe in tolerable repair.

My kitchen, where I dreſs my victuals, is a comical little roundiſh ſort of a room, ſomewhat like an oven; it anſwers very well to the purpoſe it was deſigned for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furniſhed; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unleſs to lay lumber in: However, I make ſhift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I muſt ſee and diſcharge it as well as I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I underſtand my lodge, or whatever you pleaſe to call it, deſcends upon a low-ſpirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being inſtrumental in advancing

the reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane *. But be that as it will, I have one ſnug apartment that lies on the left-ſide of my houſe, which I reſerve for my chiefeſt friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome gueſt; and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice ſhall be in the tenure and occupation of,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant.

LETTER XLI.

DR SWIFT TO THE REV. MR KENDALL, VICAR OF THORNTON IN LEICESTERSHIRE †.

SIR, *Feb.* 11. 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the beginning; which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the occaſion, ſince it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leiceſter. And for the friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe your's to be real, ſo I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cauſe to believe it pretended; though I might have ſome quarrel at you in three or four lines, which

* An apothecary in London, remarkable for ſelling worm-powder.

† This letter is not in Hawkeſworth's, nor the Dublin edition. It is taken from the 11th volume of Swift's miſcellanies, printed at London in 1753.

which are very ill beſtowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great proſpects of making my fortune, on which, as your kindneſs only looks on the beſt ſide, ſo my own cold temper and unconfined humour is much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the ſubject of your letter. I ſhall ſpeak plainly to you, that the very ordinary obſervations I made with going half a mile beyond the univerſity, have taught me experience enough, not to think of marriage, till I ſettle my fortune in the world, which I am ſure will not be in ſome years. And even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to pleaſe that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to the other world. How all this ſuits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may eaſily imagine, when you know that there is ſomething in me which muſt be employed; and when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into ſpeculation and thought; inſomuch, that, in theſe ſeven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almoſt all manner of ſubjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it, which a perſon of great honour in Ireland (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my mind) uſed to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured ſpirit, that would do miſchief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me ſo buſy when I am in company, to turn all that way: And ſince it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common converſation, it is all alike.

This

This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame way, and, I profeſs, without any other deſign, than of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſomething goes amiſs in my affairs. This I always have done, as a man of the world, when I had no deſign for any thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worſt) a harmleſs impertinence. But whenever I began to take ſober reſolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Beſides, perhaps in ſo general a converſation among that ſex, I might pretend a little to underſtand where I am, when I go to chuſe for a wife; and think, that though the cunningeſt ſharper of the town may have a cheat put upon him, yet it muſt be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myſelf. And truly, if you know how metaphyſical I am that way, you would little fear I ſhould venture on one who has given ſo much occaſion to tongues. For though the people is a lying ſort of beaſt, (and, I think, in Leiceſter above all parts that I ever was in), yet they ſeldom talk without ſome glimpſe of a reaſon; which I declare (ſo unpardonably jealous I am) to be a ſufficient cauſe for me to hate any woman, any farther than a bare acquaintance, except all things elſe were agreeable, and that I had mathematical demonſtrations for the falſehood of the firſt, which, if it be

be not impoſſible, I am ſure is very like it. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themſelves by marrying, (which, I aſſure you, is a great number), I have made this general rule, that they are either young, raw, and ignorant ſcholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every ſilk petticoat includes an ANGEL; or elſe they have been a ſort of honeſt young men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and ſo entail miſeries on themſelves and poſterity, by an over-acting modeſty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of theſe heads. I confeſs I have known one or two men of ſenſe enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married and ruined themſelves out of a maggot. But a thouſand houſehold-thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind, whenever it chances to come there, will, I am ſure, fright me from that. Beſides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which uſually produces thoſe effects. Your hints at particular ſtories I do not underſtand, having never heard them, but juſt ſo hinted. I thought it proper to give you this, to ſhew you how I thank you for your regard of me: And I hope my carriage will be ſo, as my friends need not be aſhamed of the name. I ſhould not have behaved myſelf after the manner I did in Leiceſter, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I ſolemnly pronounce

pronounce the inhabitants of Leiceſter to be; and ſo I content myſelf with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and ſo, with my ſervice to your good wife, I am,

Good couſin,

Your very * friend and ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

* There ſeems to have been a word omitted here through haſte.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

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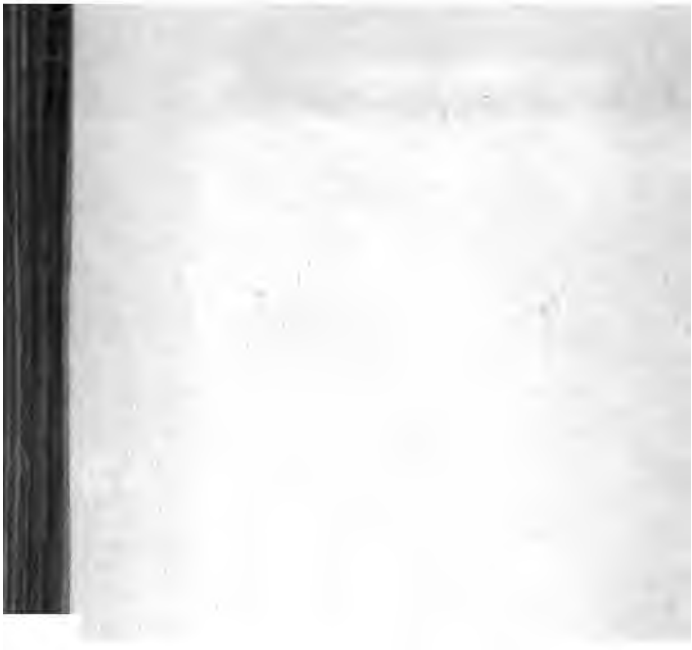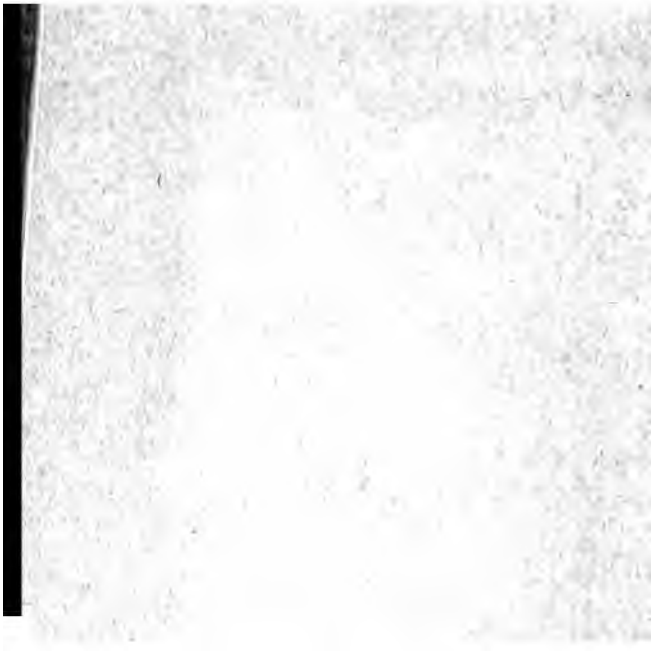
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